



FEATURE

COMICS

NOVEMBER



JOE PALOOKA



THE CLOCK



LALA PALOOZA



CHARLIE CHAN



GEORGE!
YOU'VE
MADE A
TOUCHDOWN~
BUT YOU
FORGOT
THE
BALL!

NO. 26~10¢



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**WANT MONEY FOR
FOOTBALL-MOVIES-FUN?**

*Get it this easy
home way*

*My family
pays me
for shining
their shoes!
It's a cinch
with my
**SHINOLA
HOME SHINE
KIT***



**USE THIS SHINE KIT...GIVES
SWELL SHINES...COSTS ONLY 25c**



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of high-grade, fast-shining Shinola polish*

Mail Coupon Today for Your Kit . . . 25c

Hecker Products Corporation
Shoe Polish Division, Dept. FC-119
88 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Please send SHINOLA HOME SHINE KIT
at once. I am enclosing 25c [in currency]. Polish
should be Black ☐ Brown ☐ [Check which.]

Name

Street

City & State

JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

THIS IS A
PICTURE OF
MY FRIEND
CLUCK-LEEK.
HE WAS
AWFUL
DUMB IN
SCHOOL. AN
IDOT. HE
GONNA BE
A
CARTOONIST.



ANY THIS IS
A LADY
WHO IS NICE
TO ME AN'
SHE'S A
REAL QUEEN
TOO! IT'S
QUEEN
MAGGIE OF
DEVENTIA--
SHE'S VERY
KIND.



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

THIS
HERE'S MY
UNCLE DAN.
HE IS A
BIG
POLITICIAN
WHOEVER
IS WINNIN'
WAY UNCLE
DAN IS ON
THEIR
SIDE.



HERE HE IS
AS A STREET
CLEANER---
THIS WAS
BEFORE HE
BECOME A
ALDERMAN.
I PERSONALLY
THINK THAT
THE STREET
CLEANNIN' SUIT
LOOKED NICE
ON HIM.



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

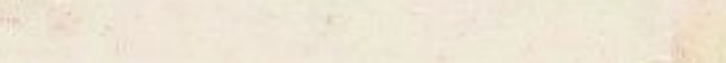
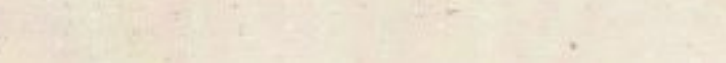
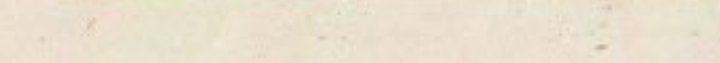
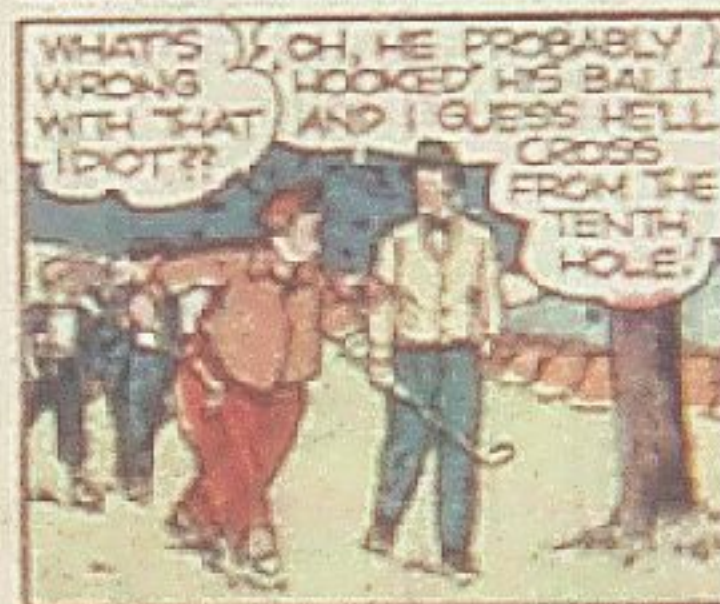
HERE IS THE FAMILY OF MY FRIEND, BIG LEVITIOUS. IT'S HIS POP--- MOM--- AN SISTER HEYZIBAH



THEY ARE CERTAINLY FUNNY PEOPLE, BUT NO MATTER WHAT THEY DO, I KNOW THEY DON'T MEAN IT!

JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

THIS IS A PICTURE OF AN OLD WOMAN WHEN SHE WAS TWENTY. SHE WAS A PRETTY THING!

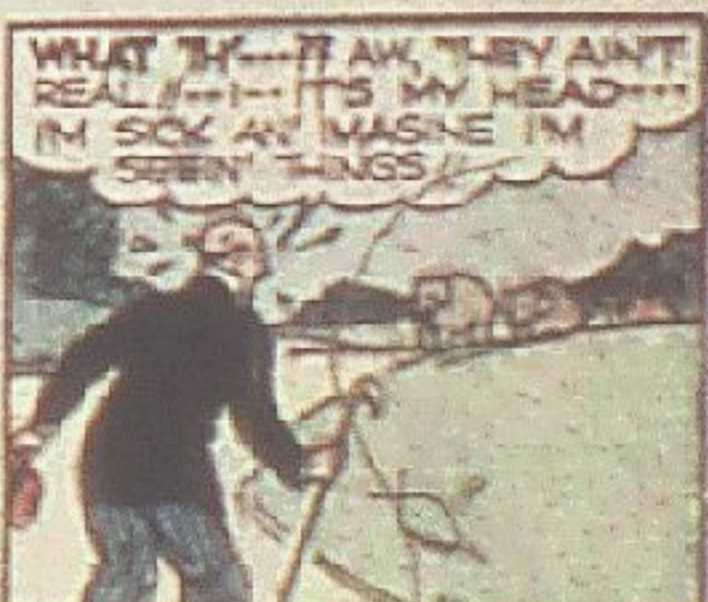
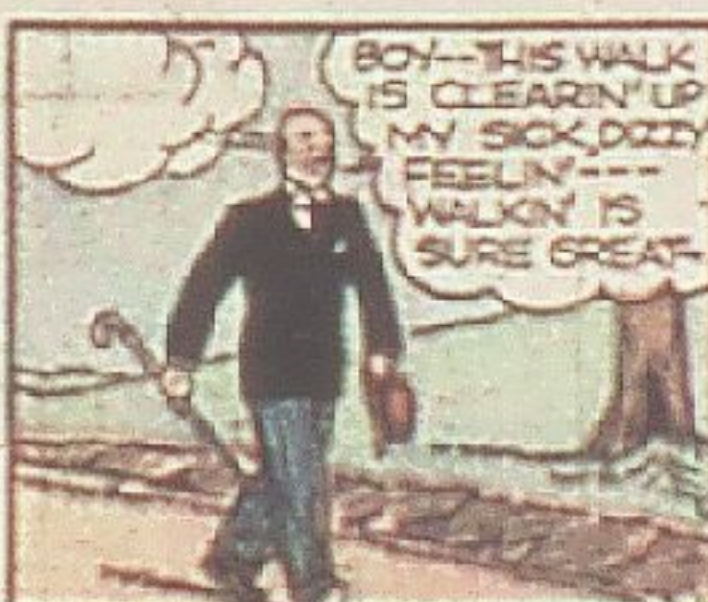


AN' KNOBBY WAS ONE OF THE MANAGER OF HIS SCHOOL'S BASKET BALL TEAM.



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



More of Joe Palooka in the December issue of FEATURE COMICS--on sale November 1st.

OFF THE RECORD *By ED REED,*



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AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 979, Lancaster, Pa.
Please send me your Big Prize Sheet and 40 Christmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money promptly, and get my prize.

Name _____
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or Street No. _____
City _____
State _____

JANE ARDEN

By Marion Harpert and Edward E. Ross

IN PARIS, JANE IS TO STAGE A FAKE ROBBERY, TO TRY TO CATCH THE MAN WITH THE SCAR.

IT'S TEN O'CLOCK--OUR AGENT WILL EXPECT ME.

I HOPE OUR CHIEF'S PLAN WORKS!! I'M SURE EVERYONE THINKS I'M THE COMPTE DE ANTONIAC.

I SEE THAT YOU'VE PUT THE GEMS OUT--NOW FOR OUR BIG ROBBERY!!

HERE'S PIANO WIRE TO TIE ME UP NICELY!

I HATE TO PULL IT TIGHT BUT--

IT MUST LOOK REAL--THE POLICE WILL EXAMINE IT YOU SEE!

AH! THIS FOOL HAS MADE IT EASY--
--AND THE JEWELS IN PLAIN SIGHT!

SORRY TO LEAVE YOU LIKE THIS BUT MUST BE GOING.

DON'T MOVE!!

SO YOU NEARLY BEAT ME TO IT, EH?

PUT UP YOUR HANDS!

HMM--THE MAN WITH THE SCAR--I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU!

COME ON--HAND OVER THAT NECK-LACE!! QUICK--

I HAVEN'T ANY NECK-LACE!! YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN!! YOU SEE, THAT'S WHAT I CAME FOR, BUT I CAN'T FIND IT!

(WHAT??) WHY I THOUGHT I SAW IT WHEN I WAS COMING IN!!

TH' SMELL OF THAT LENA'S COOKIN'--I WOULD STOP ANY FEUD!

HEY, PARSON--CMAWN HEAH--WE IS FIXIN' UP A TRUCE!!

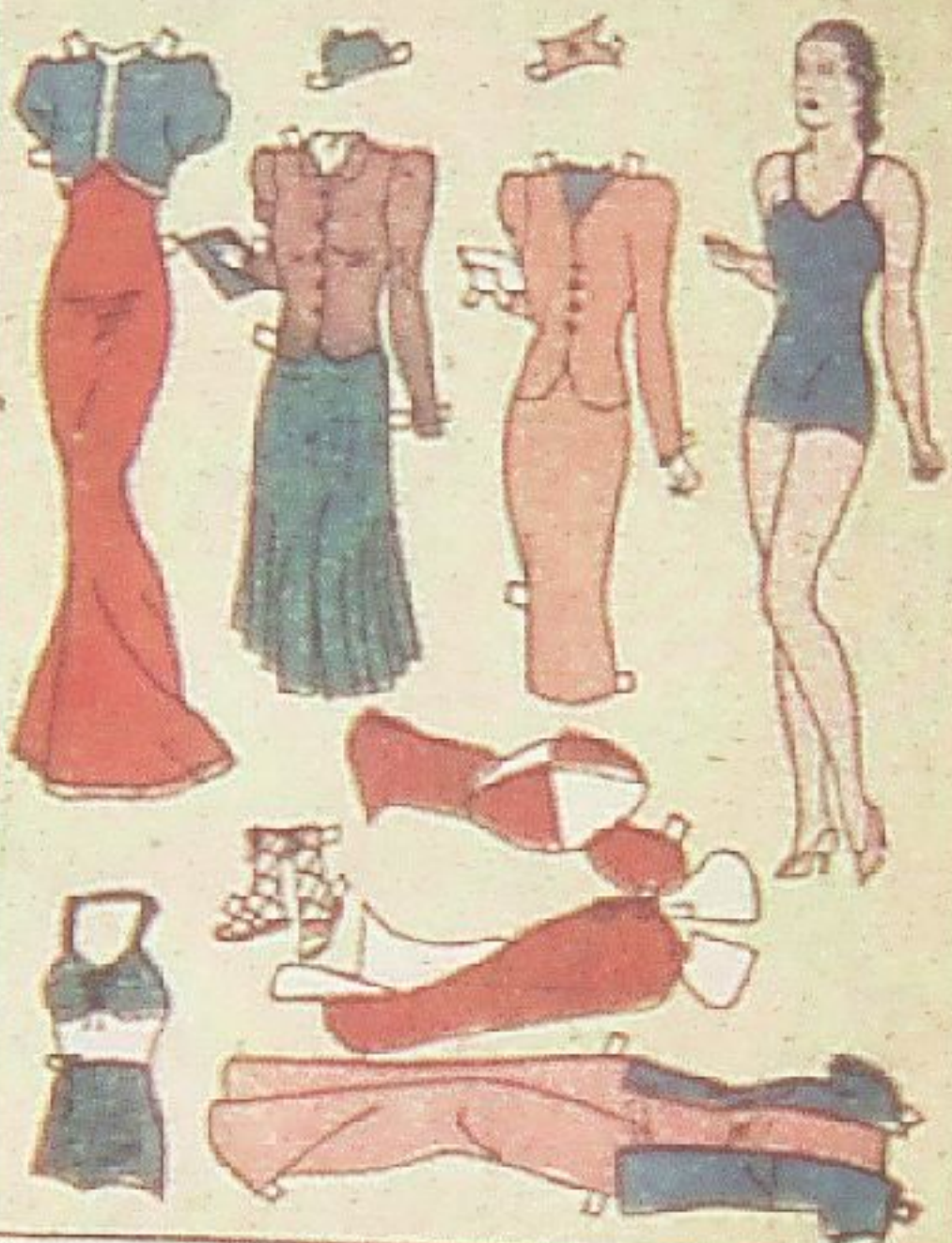
LOOK! HEAH COME!! TH' PARSON WAVIN' A WHITE TRUCE RAG!

SURE! THIS FOOD WILL PUT QUIET 'EM AND WE'LL WED LATER!

HUSTLE THET GRUB BACK--HEAH, PARSON--AN' DON'T DO NO MARRY-ING DOWN THAR!

JUST THINK, SAM'L--WE'LL BE MARRIED AS SOON AS THE FEUD STOPS!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



JANE ARDEN

AS THE MAN WITH SCARFERS AROUND FOR THE COSTLY NECKLACE-



TURN AROUND AND GIVE ME YOUR PURSE!



IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD I TELL YOU!



IT'S NOT HERE-- YOU SAY HE TOLD YOU IT WAS IN THE BANK, EH?

YES!



WELL, I BELIEVE YOU HAVE THOSE JEWELS??



SO IN THAT ROOM AND TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES AND GIVE THEM TO ME! PUT ON THIS ROBE!



I'M SURE THOSE GEYS ARE HERE SOMEWHERE!!



YOUR EYES ARE TRICKING YOU IF YOU THINK YOU SAW THAT NECKLACE!



HURRY!! BRING YOUR CLOTHES OUT HERE AFTER YOU'VE CHANGED!



WELL, THIS IS VERY SILLY, MY FRIEND!

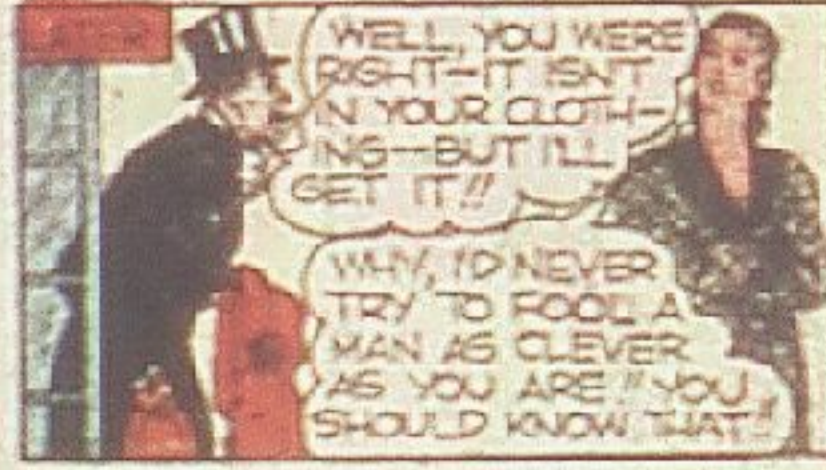


OH--IF ONLY HE DOESN'T THINK TO LOOK IN THAT GLOVE!



HERE ARE MY CLOTHES--YOU WON'T FIND A THING IN THEM!

OH--NO!!



WELL, YOU WERE RIGHT--IT ISN'T IN YOUR CLOTHING--BUT I'LL GET IT!!

WHY, I'D NEVER TRY TO FOOL A MAN AS CLEVER AS YOU ARE!! YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT!



HEAH'S MO' NICE POSSUM, PARSON-- DON'T WED LENA TSAMIL FUDDY!

DON'T FRET! AH LIKE POSSUM TOO MUCH!



YOU HOO, SAM'L!! WE SAID WED MARRY WHEN THE FEUDIN' STOPPED!

DID YE BRING SOME TARTS?



I'M NOT CARRYIN' FOOD TO MY OWN WEDDING!

WAL NOW-- WHEAH IS THET PARSON?



HMM-- DID YE COME FO' A WANTA POSSUM MEAT GIT WED?

WE WANTA

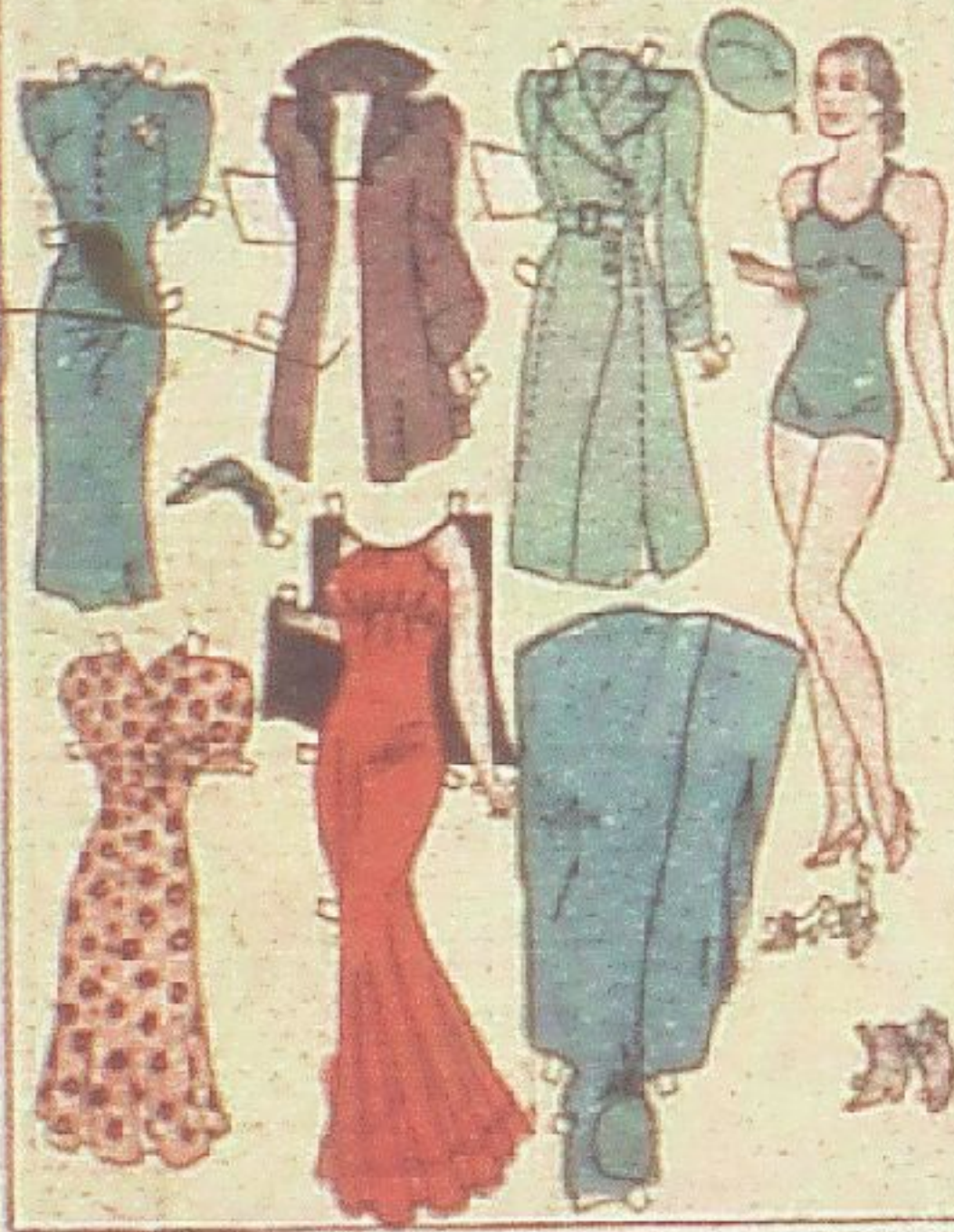


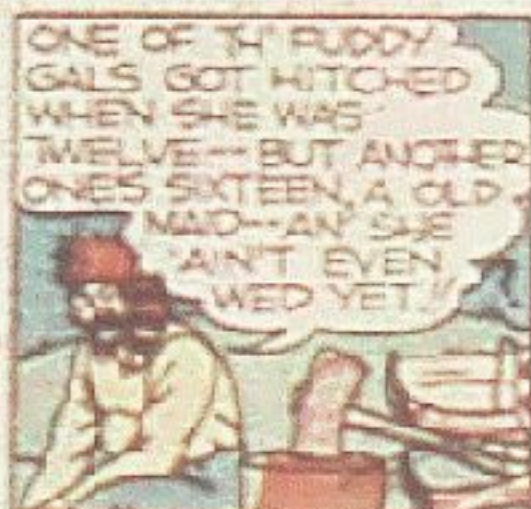
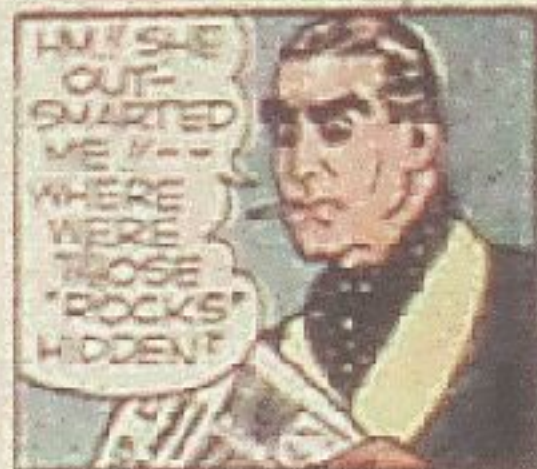
UMM!! NOTHIN' LIKE NICE POSSUM!



S-SAY, GAL-- AH CAN'T MARRY NO YOUNGSTER LIKE YO' UNLESS HER FAMILY IS HEAH!! SO, THARS NO WEDDING!!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE







CAPTAIN FORTUNE



by VERNON HENKEL

WHEN GUNFIRE AWAKENED THE LITTLE TOWN OF SAN LOUVELLE CAPTAIN TYRONE FORTUNE SWORE A DOUBLE OATH—THAT HE WOULD ESCAPE FROM THE SPANISH TRAP, AND THAT HE WOULD KILL MICHAEL SEAFORD.



I TELL YOU, WE ARE NOT PIRATES! THERE HAS BEEN MUTINY—I GAVE NO ORDERS TO FIRE ON THIS TOWN!



ENOUGH! TAKE THESE MEN PRISONERS—THEY SHALL BE HANGED IMMEDIATELY IF THEIR SHIP DOES NOT CEASE ITS BOMBARDMENT!



I'M AFRAID ARGUMENT CANNOT CHANGE THEIR MINDS, WILL! BUT SWORDS—



STOP THEM! CUT THEM DOWN!



—BUT THE SPANISH SOLDIERS WERE NO MATCH FOR THE TWO FINEST BLADES OF ENGLAND.



KEEP THEM BACK—WE MUST MAKE THAT DOOR!



WITH VIOLENT THRUSTS, FORTUNE AND HIS FIRST OFFICER CLEAR A PASSAGE AND BREAK FROM THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE.



MEANWHILE, ACCORD TO THE REVENGE
MICHAEL SEVERISH SHOUTS A
COMMAND TO HIS MUTEERS—



HOLD YOUR
FIRE, MEN!

THAT SHOULD HAVE GIVEN
US SOME ATTENTION!
ALRIGHT, DREGG-NOW WE'LL
SEE WHAT A CITY IS WORTH
IN RANSOM!



THAT WHITE FLAG WILL GET
YOU TO THE GOVERNOR. IF
HE REFUSES OUR TERMS WE
RESUME SHELLING AT ONCE!



THE GUNS ARE SILENT—
SOMETHING IS UP!

AYE, AND IF
WE'RE CAUGHT IT
WILL MEAN OUR
NECKS!



I GOT IT! THE SPANISH
MEN OF WAR WON'T BE IN
SAN LOUVELLE FOR ANOTHER
MONTH—SEVERISH IS PLAN-
NING TO STARVE THE CITY
INTO SUBMISSION!



AND WHATEVER DEED THAT
SHIP PERFORMS, I, ITS CAPTAIN,
WILL BE BLAMED! I'VE
GOT TO STOP THAT MANIAC!



OH!



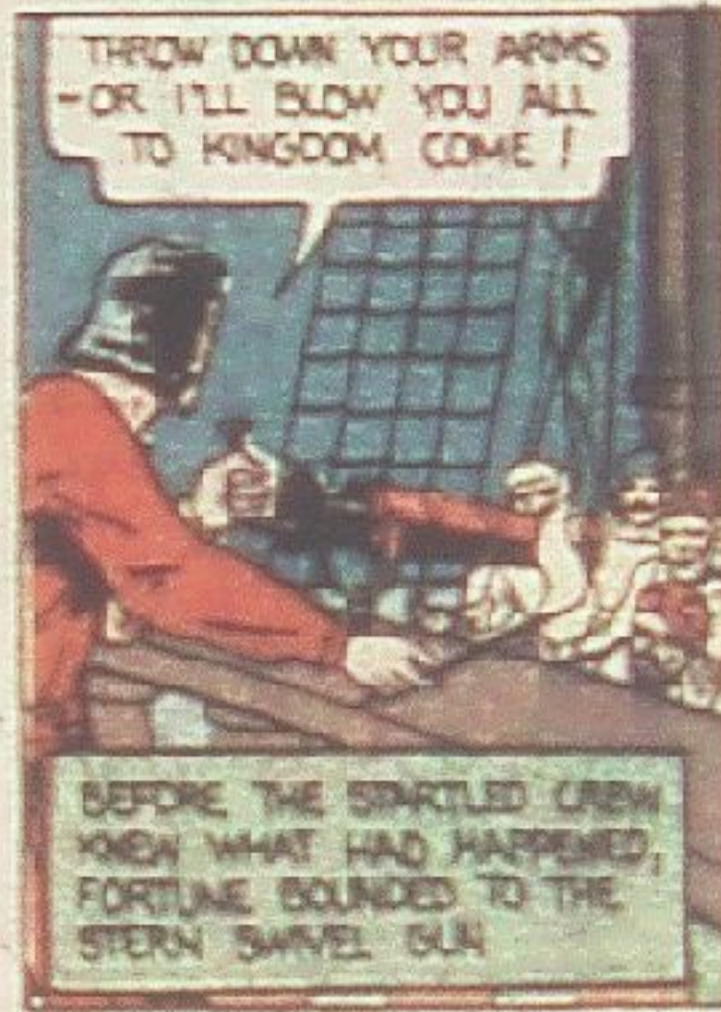
MY FULLEST APOLOGIES,
MADAM! I-I WASN'T
LOOKING WHERE I WAS
GOING!



WHILE YOU'RE CHATTING WITH
THE BEAUTIFUL LADY, I THINK
I'LL BE ON MY WAY—FOR MY
BLADE CANNOT STOP THIS SCORE
OF APPROACHING SOLDIERS!







Follow Captain Fortune in the December issue of **FEATURE COMICS**—on sale November 1st.

BIG TOP BY ED WHEELAN

OH, RED! IT'S AWFUL--THIS PAPER SAYS--"PLANE CARRYING COWBOY STAR, HAL THOMPSON, IS MISSING--NO WORD SINCE LEAVING ST. LOUIS"--



DARLING, I HAD A VISION IN THE NIGHT OF POOR HAL! HE WAS CALLING TO ME AND HE SEEMED IN GREAT PAIN! OH, WHAT SHALL WE DO, RED?



WHISKERS, I BETCHA HAL IS ALL RIGHT--S-SURE HE IS--BUT MEBBE---GEE, WOULDN'T IT BE AWFUL IF HE REALLY WAS LURT!! S-GOSH---



AND IN HOLLYWOOD, THE PRESIDENT OF HAL'S MOVIE COMPANY WORRIES ABOUT HIM, FOR BUSINESS REASONS.



WHILE MANY PLANES ARE NOW SEARCHING FOR THE MISSING HAL.



UNCLE JEFF--RED AND I ARE LEAVING AT ONCE FOR CALIFORNIA! HAL'S MOTHER WILL NEED ME BADLY!



GOOD BYE, ALTA--BE A GOOD DEAR WHILE I'M AWAY, WON'T YOU?



OH, SKOOKIE--I WISH WE COULD TAKE YOU ALONG--I'LL MISS YOU SO!



MEBBE WE KIN TAKE HIM, MYRA!

G-GOOD BYE, DEAR UNCLE JEFF! YOU'VE BEEN SO GOOD TO ME SINCE MOTHER AND DADDY DIED--BLESS YOUR HEART!



ON THE TRAIN TO CALIFORNIA R-RED, WHAT IF THEY DON'T FIND HAL'S PLANE?



OH, MYRA! I'M GLAD YOU GOT HERE--I KNOW YOU FROM A PHOTO HAL SENT--



MRS. THOMPSON! IS THERE ANY WORD FROM HIM YET?

MYRA, DEAR--WE MUST BE BRAVE AND HAVE FAITH THAT HAL WILL RETURN WELL! THAT'S THE WAY HE'D WANT IT I THINK!



LITTLE RED IS BECOMING QUITE A COWBOY--ISN'T HE, MRS. THOMPSON?



YES--HE'S A SWEET CHILD--I'M GLAD HE'S HERE!

NOW YER LEARNIN HOW T'SHAWIN A ROPE, PARTNER! YES SIR---



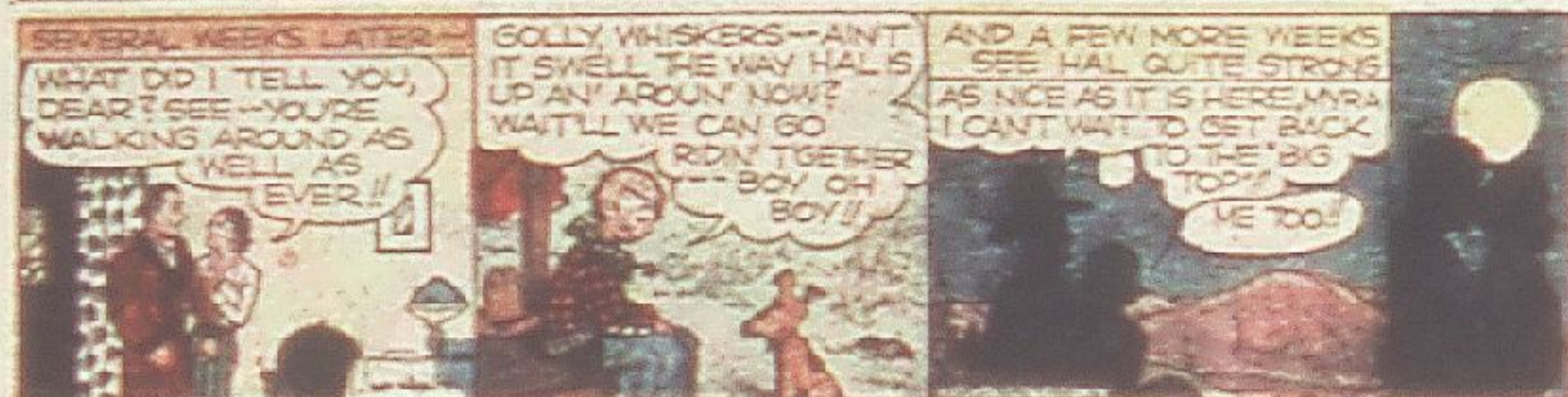
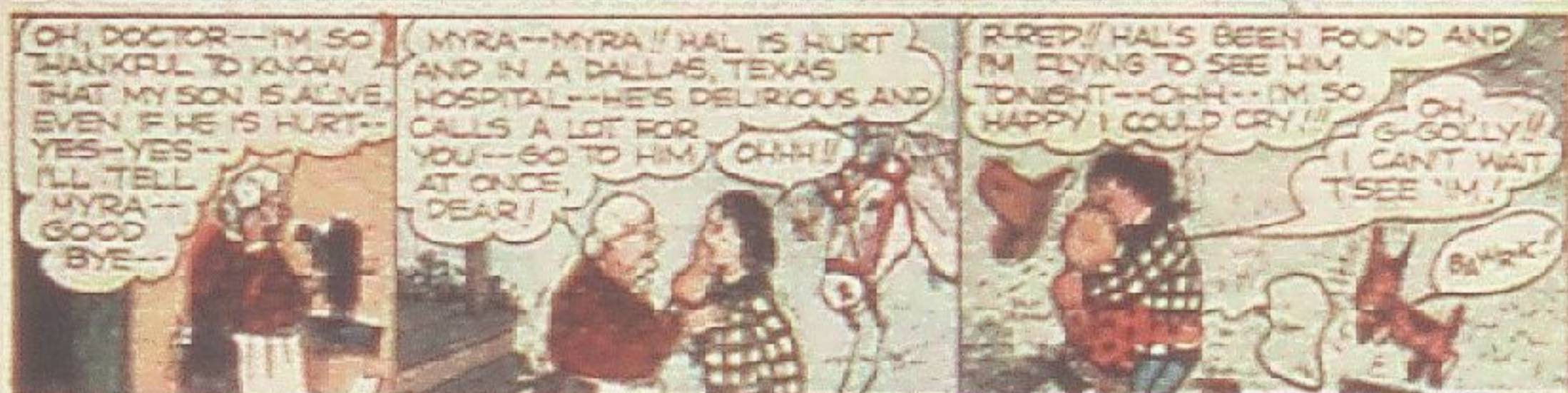
I WISH HAL WAS HERE!



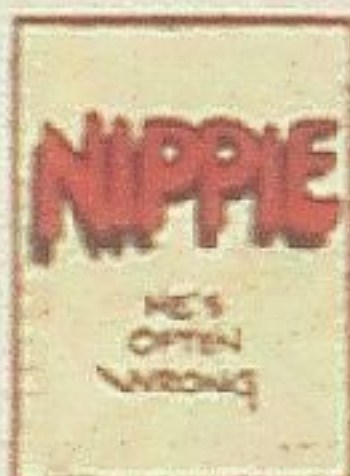
YES--YES! THIS IS MRS. THOMPSON--WHAT?--OH! GRACIOUS--A-ARE YOU S-SURE???



BIG TOP BY ED WHEELAN



A new and better BIG TOP starts in the December issue of FEATURE COMICS.



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



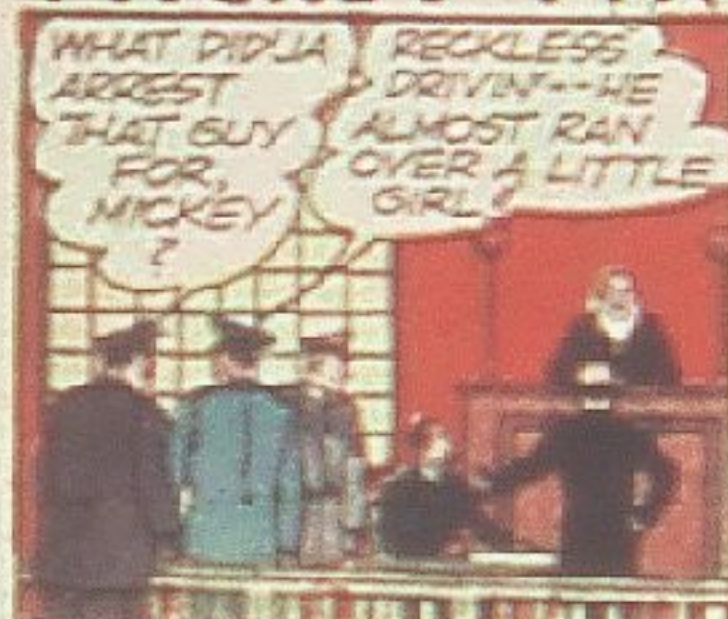
NIPPLE

AH--THAT INSTRUCTOR
WONT STOP ME FROM
SWIMMING UNDER WATER!
I DONT EVEN USE MY
HANDS--
NOW WATCH!



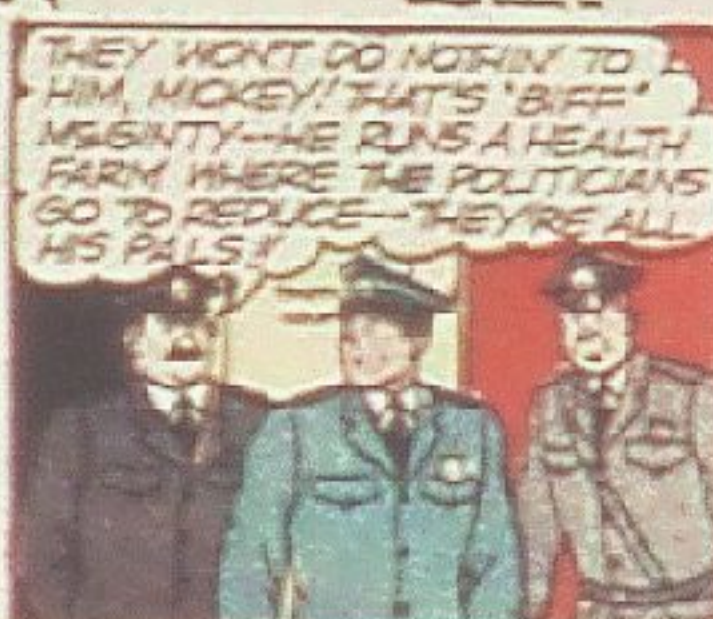
MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



WHAT DIDJA
ARREST
THAT GUY
FOR,
MICKEY?

RECKLESS
DRIVIN'--HE
ALMOST RAN
OVER A LITTLE
GIRL!



THEY WONT DO NOTHIN' TO
HIM, MICKEY! THAT'S 'BIFF'
MCGINTY--HE RUNS A HEALTH
FARM WHERE THE POLITICIANS
GO TO REDUCE--THEY'RE ALL
HIS PALS!



BUT THEY HAFTA
TEACH HIM A
LESSON--WHY
THE NEXT TIME
HE DRIVES LIKE
THAT HE MIGHT--

ALRIGHT,
THIS
CASE
IS
DISMISSED!!



I TOLDJA NOT
TO PINCH
ME, WISE
GUY! HA--
HA!

!



THERE'S
NOTHIN' YOU
CAN DO
ABOUT IT,
MICKEY!!

I'M GOIN' DOWN
AND TELL
GABBY GAGAN
THE SPORT WRITER
ABOUT IT--



--AND I THINK
MCGINTY WOULD
HAFTA DO IT IF
YOU FELLAS
WERE THERE!!

SURE HE
WOULD!! I'LL
ROUND UP
EVERY
REPORTER
IN TOWN!!

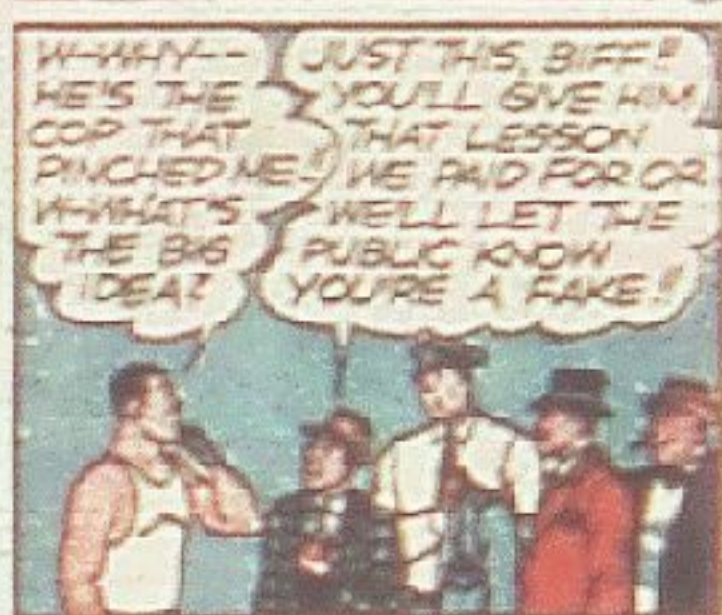


HELLO, BIFF!! ME AND THE
BOYS DROPPED UP TO SEE
YOU GIVE A BOXING LESSON
TO A CERTAIN GUY! DYA
GET IT? A REAL GOOD
BOXING LESSON!!



I GET IT!! YOU
WANT ME TO
GIVE HIM THE
'WORKS'! WHERE
IS THIS GUY?

HELL BE
HERE ANY
MINUTE--OH,
HERE HE
IS NOW!



WHY--
HE'S THE
COP THAT
PINCHED ME!
WHAT'S
THE BIG
IDEA?

JUST THIS, BIFF!!
YOU'LL GIVE HIM
THAT LESSON
WE PAID FOR OR
WE'LL LET THE
PUBLIC KNOW
YOU'RE A FAKE!!



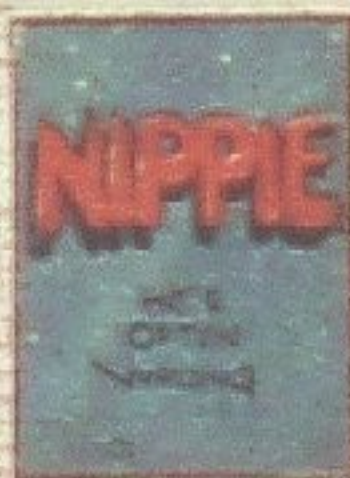
WELL, BOYS--
I GUESS THIS
'LESSON'
IS ALL
OVER!!

YEAH--AND
MR. MCGINTY
IS ALL OVER
THE FLOOR!
HA HA!!



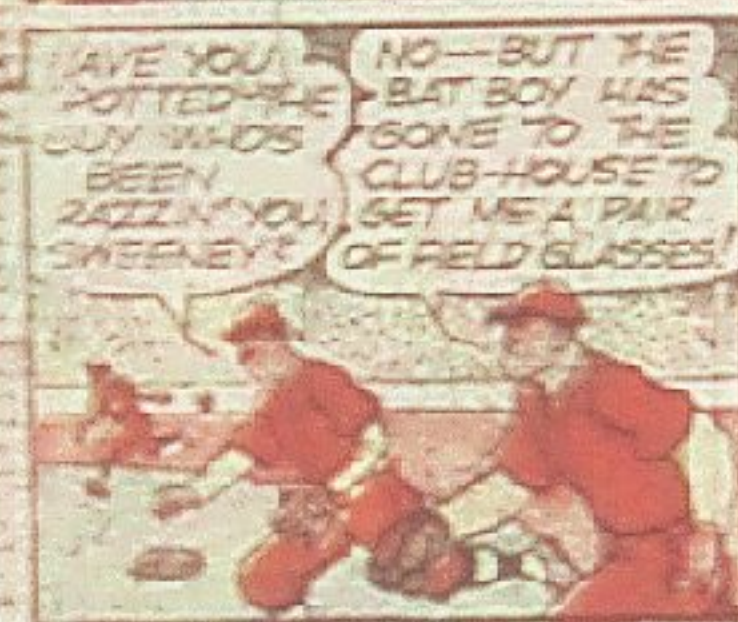
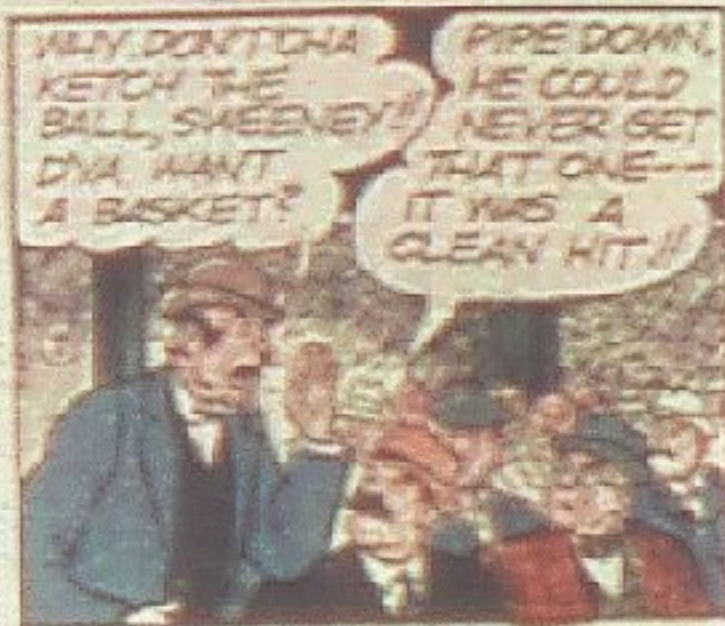
HOW DID THAT
RECKLESS
DRIVER'S TRIAL
COME OUT,
MICHAEL--DID
HE GET WHAT
HE DESERVED?

YES--YOU
BET HE
DID!!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

HE WON'T WALK HOME IN THIS RAIN—GIMME YOUR NICKEL AN' I'LL CALL MY DAD AN' TELL HIM TO PICK US UP ON HIS WAY HOME FROM THE OFFICE!

DON'T WORRY—I WON'T WASTE THE NICKEL! HELLO—GIMME "BACKSLAP 562B"!!

ARE YA SURE IT'S THE RIGHT NUMBER?

HALLO—HALLO—THIS "BACKSLAP 562B"—YOU WANT WASHES?

MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



SO YOU GOT MR. PULLER TO GIVE YOUR UNCLE PHIL A JOB, EH, MICKEY?

YES—HE'S SELLIN' HOUSE BRUSHES! MR. PULLER SAID HE CAN EARN \$10 A DAY AT IT!



I HAVE A BRUSH FOR EVERY PURPOSE, MADAM, AND—

NO!





NO, LADY—I'M NOT WORKIN' MY WAY THROUGH COLLEGE, BUT—

I'M NOT INTERESTED!!



I REPRESENT THE PULLER BRUSH COMPANY, LADY, AND—



I DON'T WANT ANY—TAKE YOUR FOOT OUT OF THE DOOR OR I'LL CALL MY HUSBAND!

BUT, LADY—YOU NEVER SAW BRUSHES LIKE THESE! JUST LET ME—




WILL YOU GIVE ME A DEMONSTRATION PLEASE?

WHY CERTAINLY!!



NOW, LET ME SEE YOU CLEAN THOSE CURTAINS—

OKAY!



HELL—DO YOU WANT ONE OR DONT'CHA, LADY?

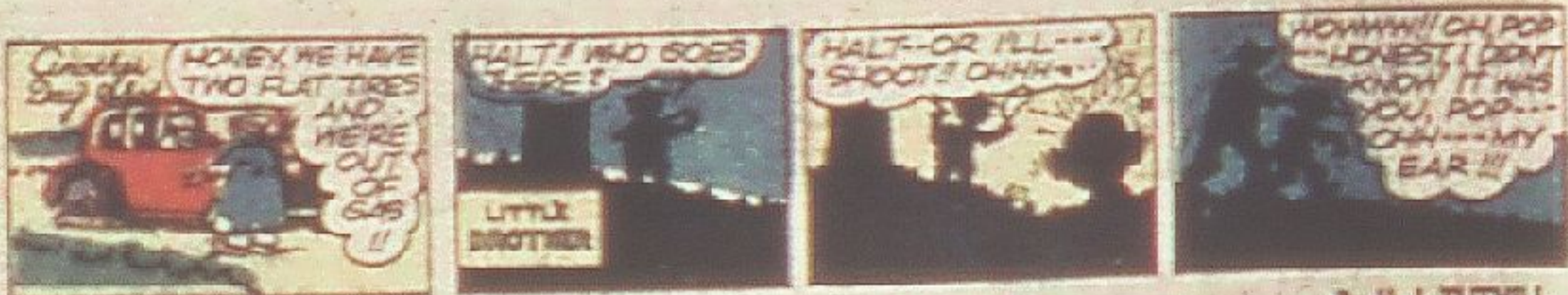
I WON'T NEED ANY NOW THAT THINGS ARE ALL CLEANED—BUT COME BACK IN ABOUT SIX MONTHS!



YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, MICKEY?

YES—MY UNCLE PHIL HAS RESIGNED!!

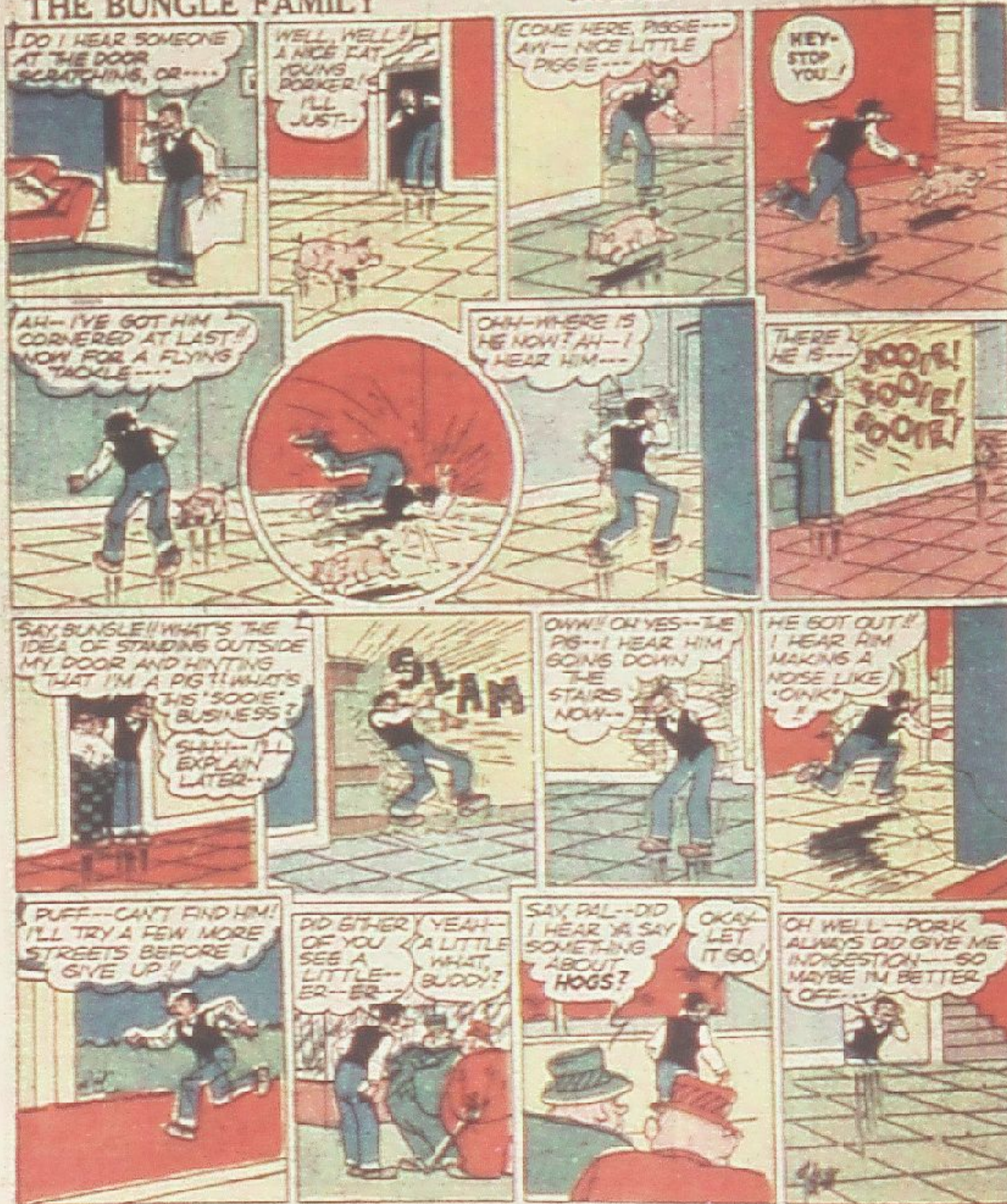
More of Mickey Finn in the December issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale November 1st.



THE BUNGLE FAMILY

SATISFIED.

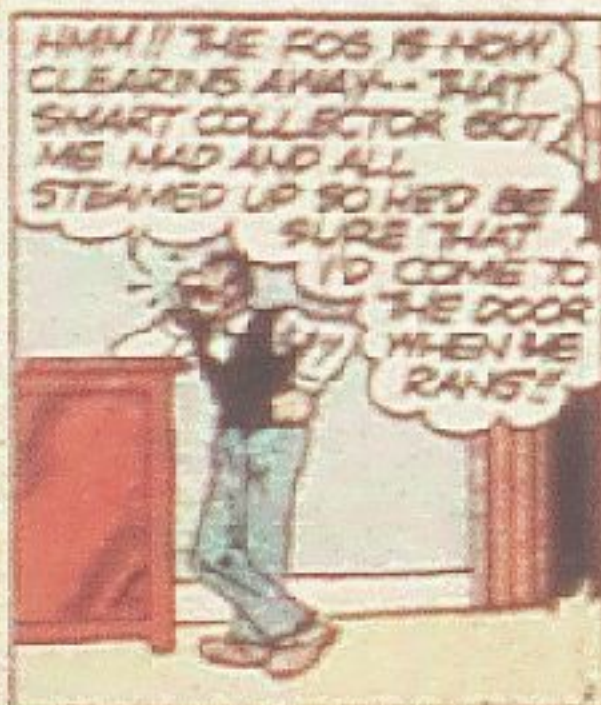
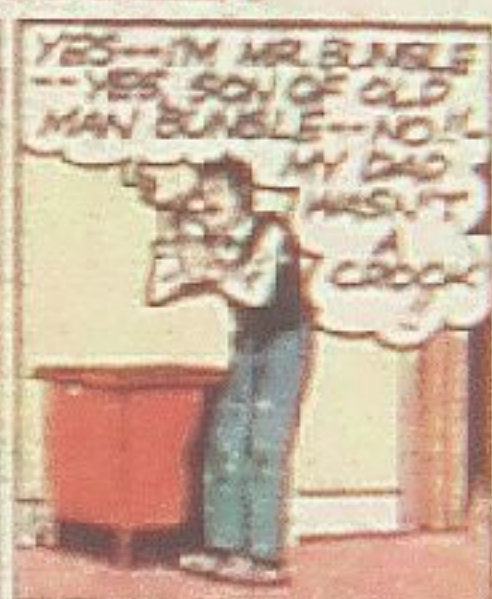
By H. J. TUTTILL





THE BUNGLE FAMILY

TRICKED

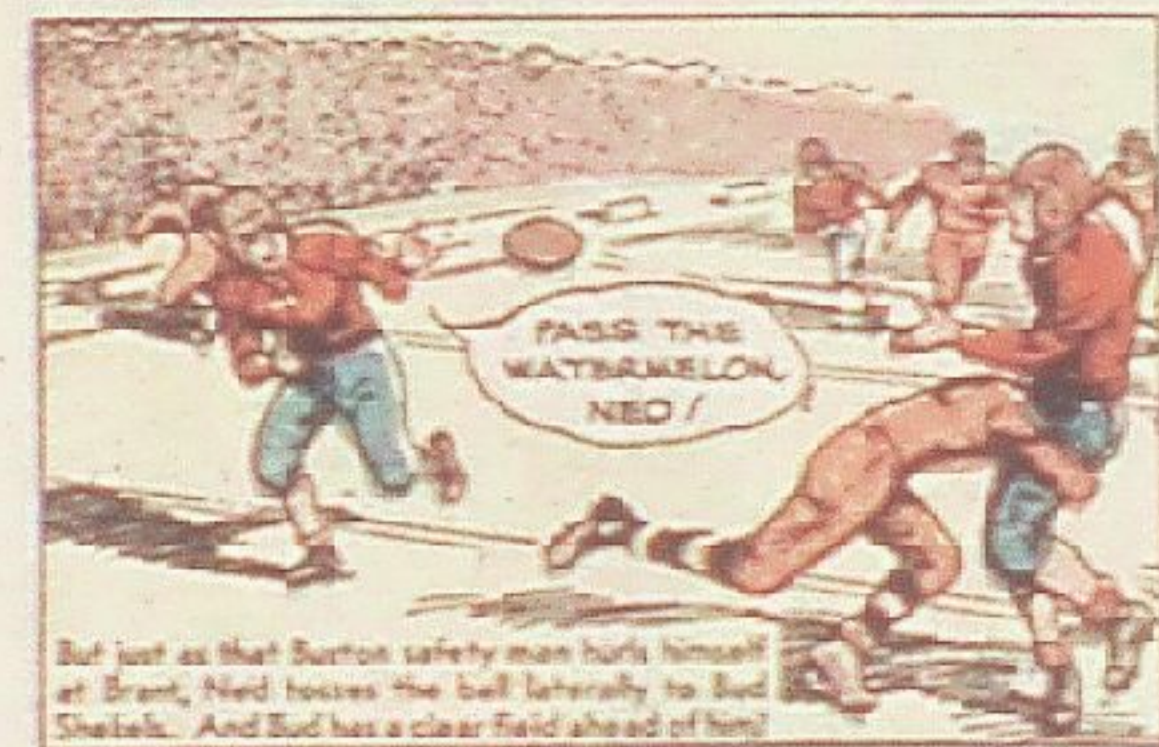
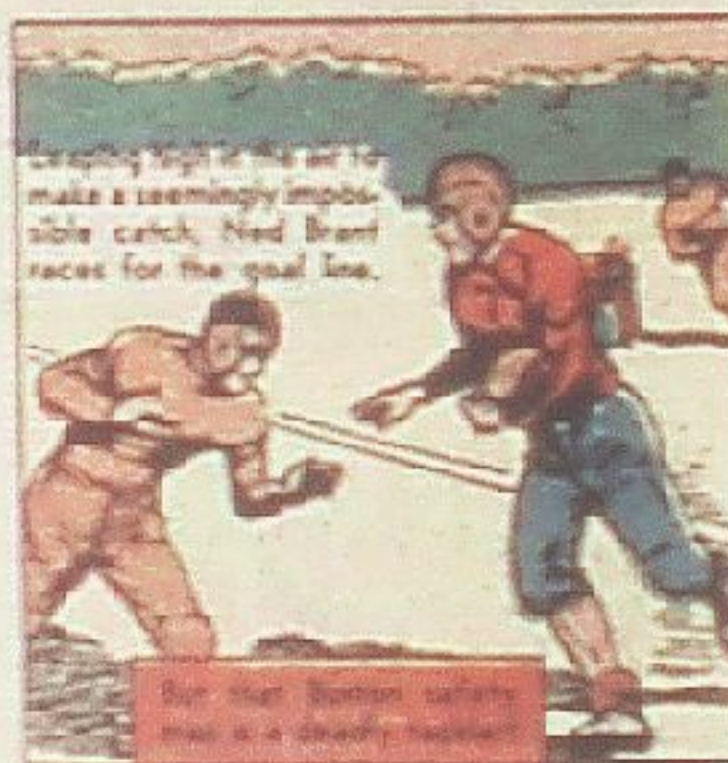
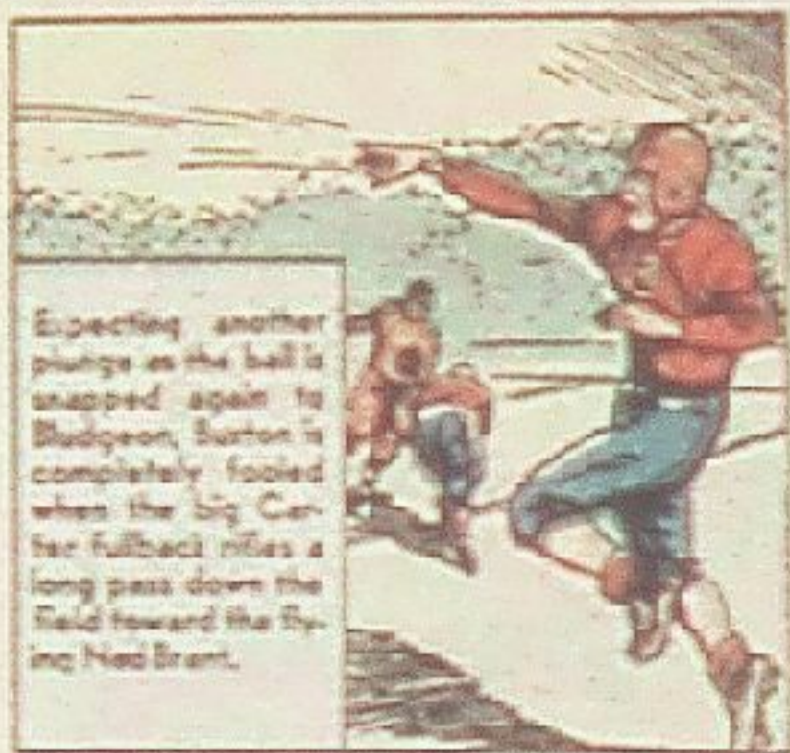
By H. J. TUTTILL
 Lecturer in Botany, University of Cambridge

The Bungles appear each month in **FEATURE COMICS**.

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

Illustrated by L. W. BROWN



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY E. W. COPELAND

TRY THAT REVERSE TO THE WEAK SIDE AGAIN - COLBRAINE IS SAID TO BE WEAK AGAINST REVERSES.



I'M WORRIED, SHOTGUN.

COLBRAINE IS GOING TO BE TOUGH, COACH, BUT THE BOYS ARE KEYED UP FOR THE GAME.



IT'S GOING TO TAKE SOMETHING TO INSPIRE THE BOYS TO GREAT FOOTBALL HEIGHTS TO BEAT THAT OUTFIT.



BALL!

BALL!

MAYBE YOUR SALARY PUBLICITY WRITER, OSCAR NUBBET, WILL HAVE AN IDEA.

IF WE GET FAST COLBRAINE, WE'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO FINISH UP NEAR THE TOP.



WE GOT IT, JAKE. WE GOT IT!

GOT THAT, MANNY - SORTING OF THE SKILL?



WHERE IS COACH BRANT, DIMPLE-KNEES?

WELL, THERE'S THE FOOTBALL TEAM - I'VE A HUNCH HE MIGHT JUST FORGIVELY BE NEAR IT.



COACH BRANT - I'VE AN IDEA HOW TO BEAT COLBRAINE!

SWELL - RATHER YOU SHOULD BE COACHING THE OUTFIT!



I'LL HAVE TO SPEND A FEW HUNDRED DOLLARS.

THINK NOTHING OF IT, MANNY - WHEN YOU RUN OUT, PUSH A WHEELBARROW TO THE CONTROLLER'S OFFICE FOR A NEW LOAD.

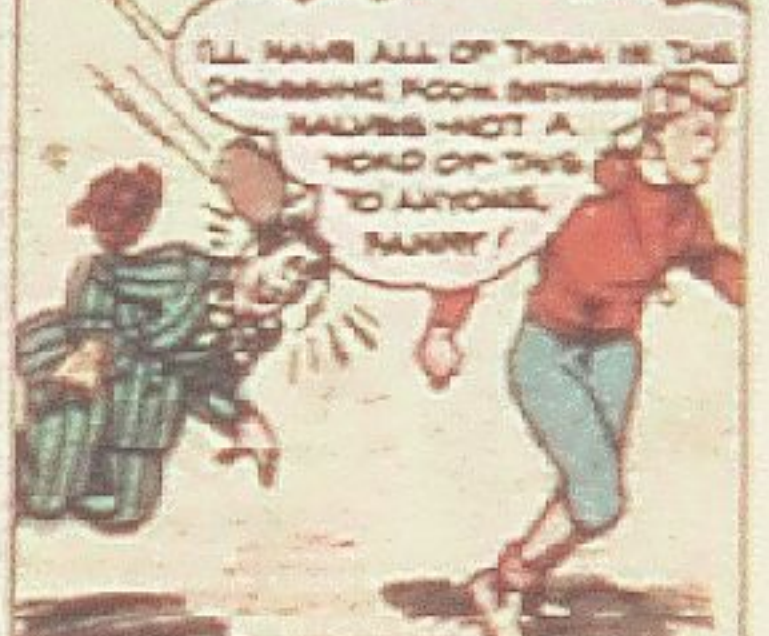


I'VE INVITED THE PARENTS OF EVERY PLAYER ON THE TEAM TO SEE THAT GAME AS OUR GUESTS.

SAY - YOU MAY HAVE SOMETHING THERE!



I'LL HAVE ALL OF THEM IN THE DRESSING ROOM BETWEEN HALVES - NOT A WORD OF THIS TO ANYONE, MANNY!

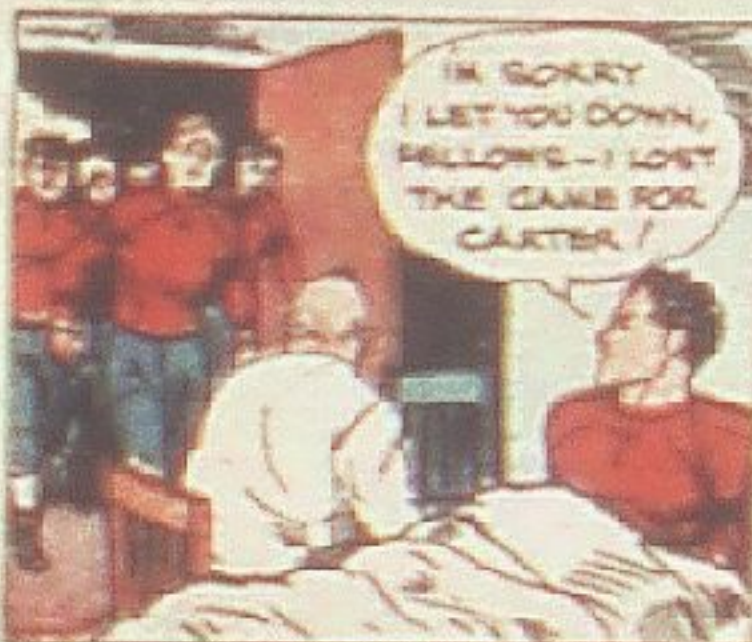
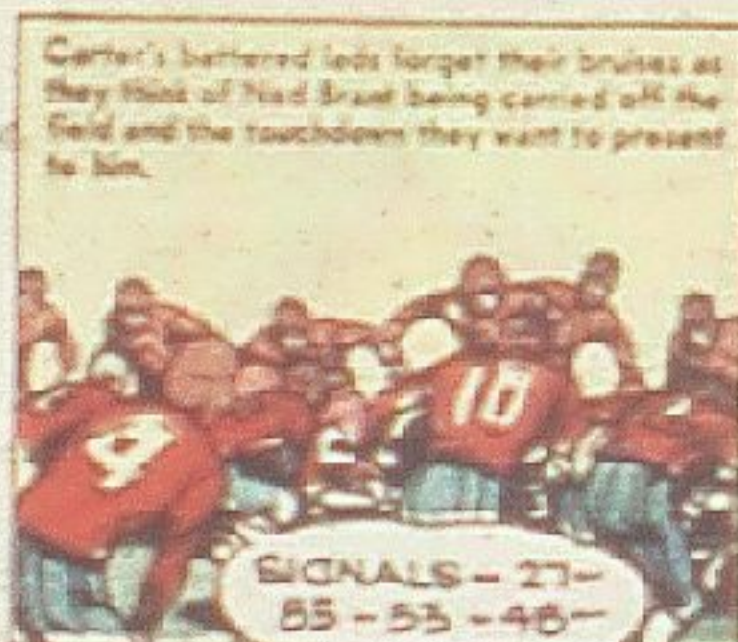
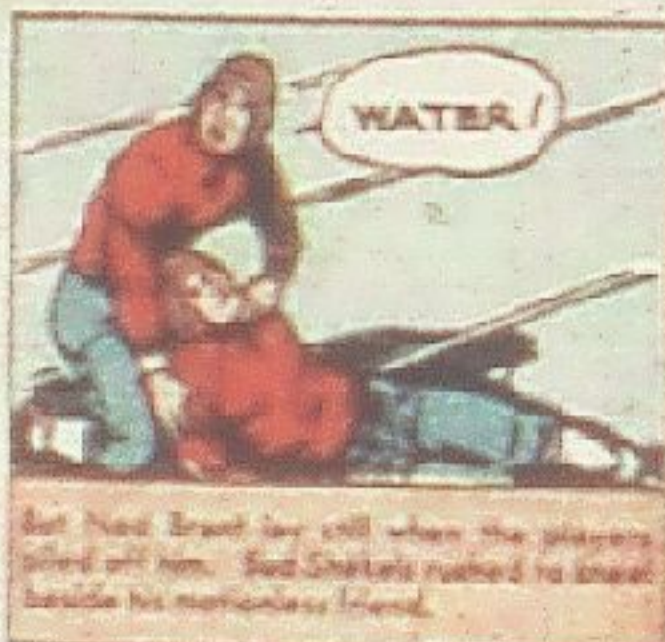
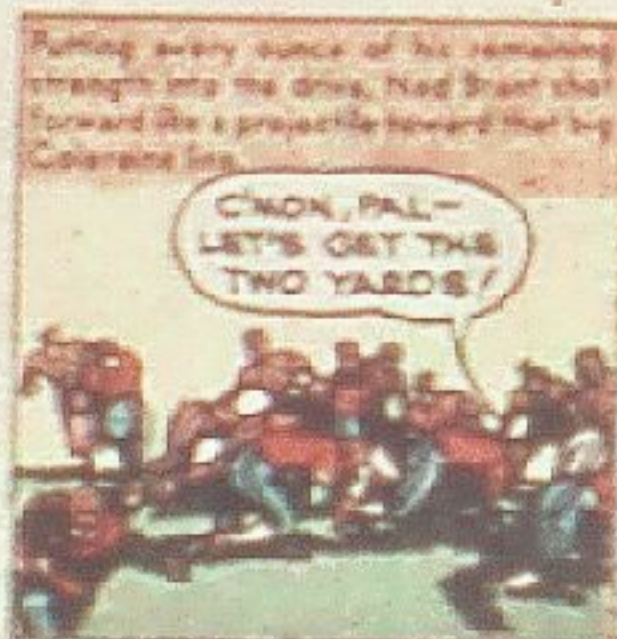
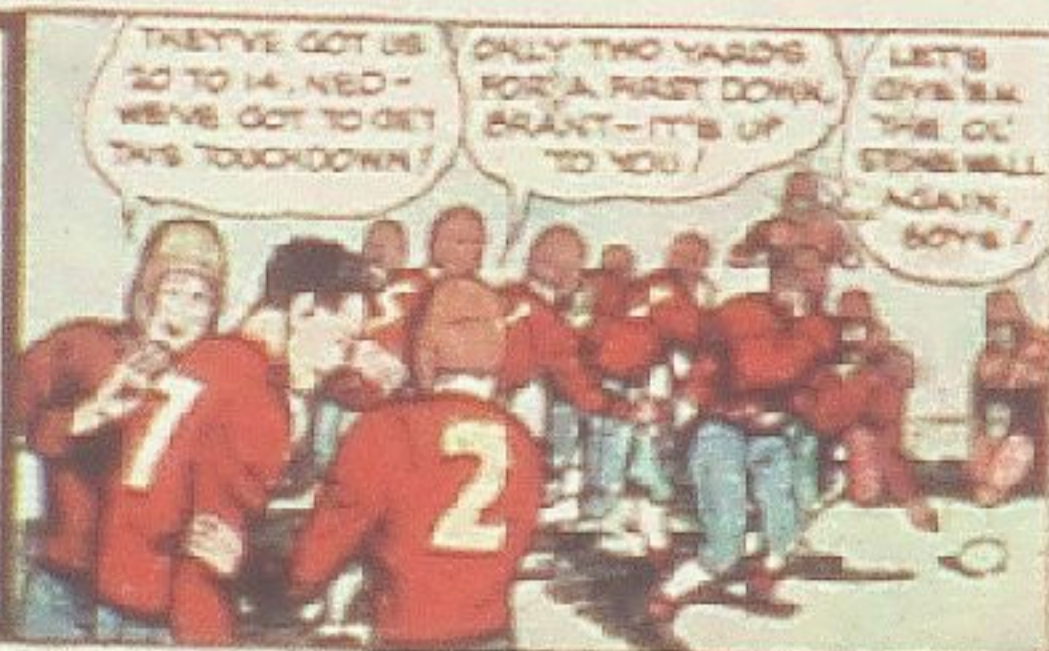




NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

Drawn by L. W. DORR



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RUBE GOLDBERG'S SIDE SHOW

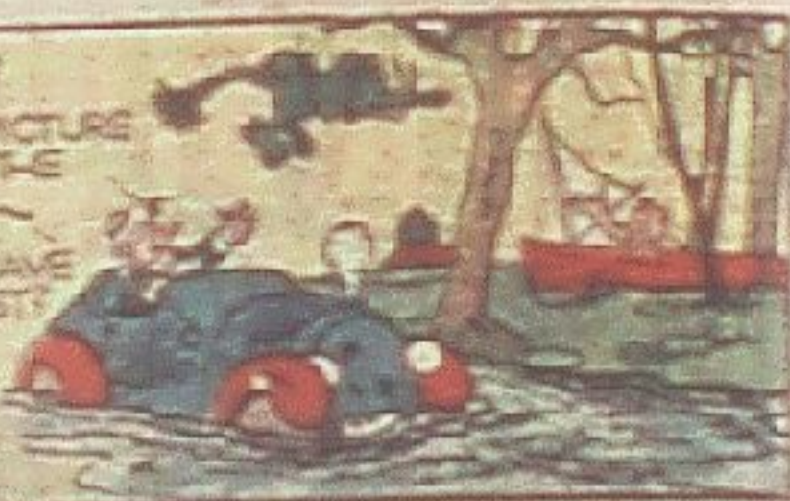
BRAIN DERBY

LOOK AT THIS PICTURE AND ANSWER THE FOLLOWING—

WHAT DID YOU HAVE FOR BREAKFAST?

ORCHESTRA OR BALCONY?

DO YOU GIVE UP NOW?



OUR SPECIAL INVENTION

A SIMPLE WAY TO FEED THE CAT WHEN YOU ARE AWAY.

AS CAT (A) WALKS TOWARD DISH (B) HE TRIPS PLATFORM (C) CAUSING STRINGS (D) TO OPEN DOOR (E)—THIS LETS OUT THE MOTHER (F) WHICH EAT SWEATER (G)—THIS DROPS WEIGHT (H) WHICH CLOSES SCISSORS—CUTTING OFF U.S. BOND COUPON (I) AND MISER MIDGET (J) SEES "BANK" SIGN RUSHES TO DEPOSIT COUPON—HE HITS PEDAL (K)—HAMMER BREAKS MILK BOTTLE AND MILK RUNS TO DISH.



HEY—IS YOUR RADIATOR BOILING OVER?

NO—MY CAR SETS MAD AT ME AND JUST BOLS AND PUNES LIKE THAT.



OH—HERE COMES THE AWFUL GAL MY ROOM-MATE DATED UP FOR ME! HOW! GET RID OF HER!



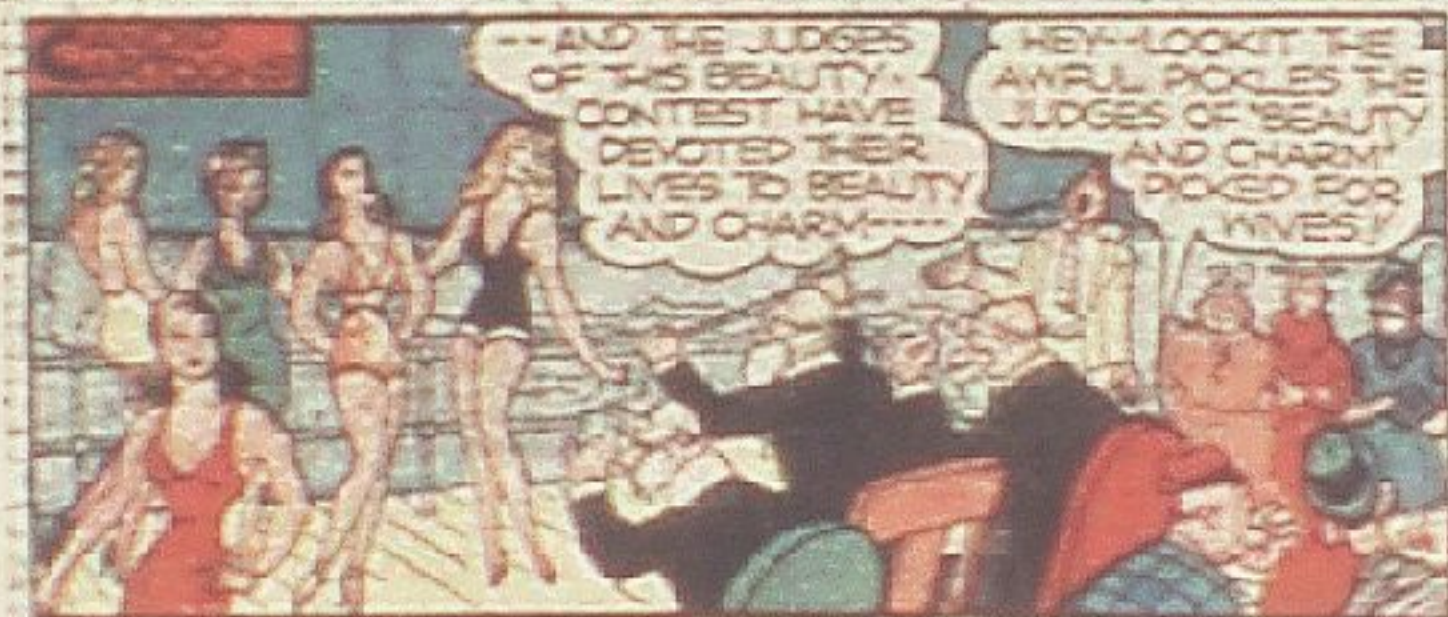
TELEGRAM FOR YOU, LADY!

OH MY AUNT IS SICK AND MUST RUSH BACK TO KOOKUK!



THANKS, LITTLE MAN—WHO ARE YOU ANYWAY?

JUST A GUY WHO DOES FAVORS, NIBBSY, THAT'S ME!



--AND THE JUDGES OF THIS BEAUTY CONTEST HAVE DEVOTED THEIR LIVES TO BEAUTY AND CHARM--

HEY—LOOKIT THE ANGRY PICKLES THE JUDGES OF BEAUTY AND CHARM PICKED FOR VIVES!



WHO LET THIS WATER OUT OF THE POOL?

BLAME IT ON NIBBSY!



THE WEDDING OF GOLDE NATILDA VAN ZENT WAS A SAUDY FINANCIAL AND SOCIAL EVENT.

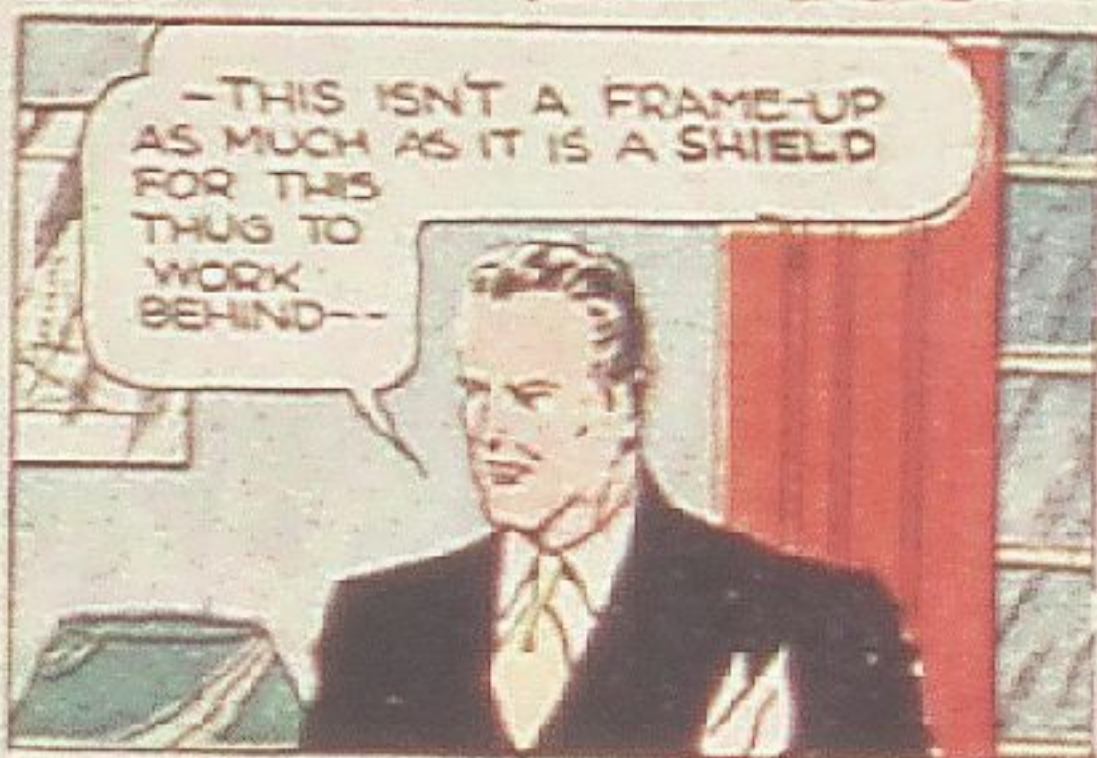
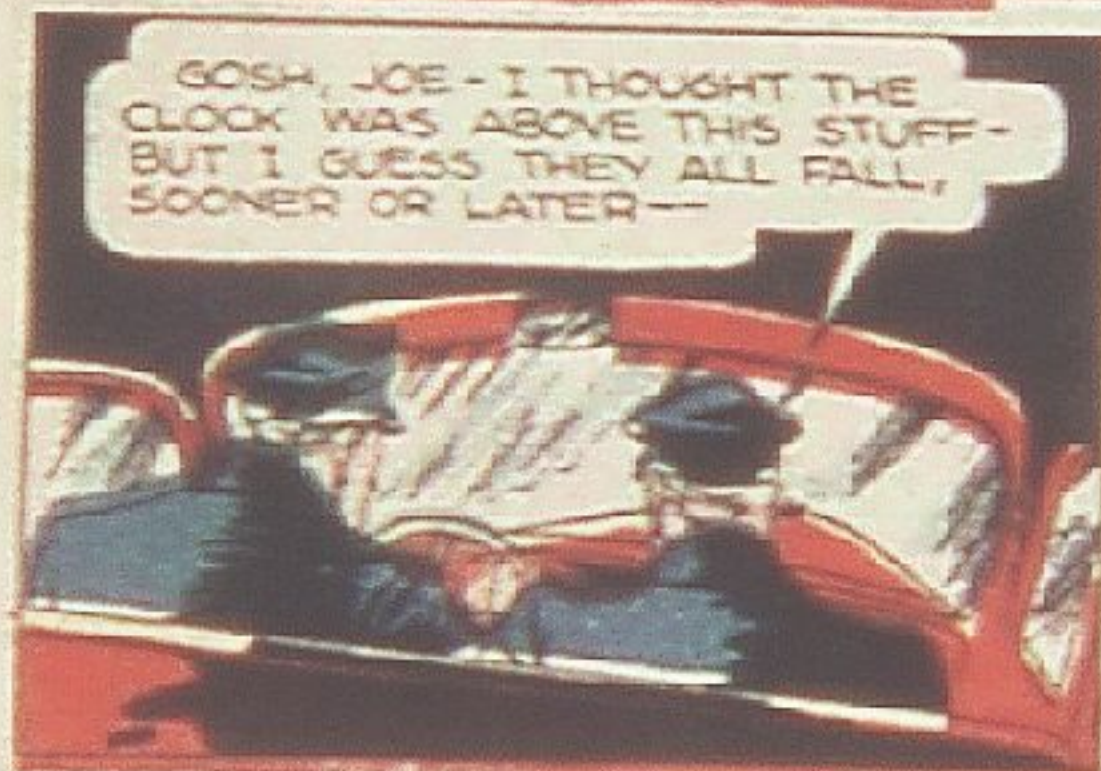
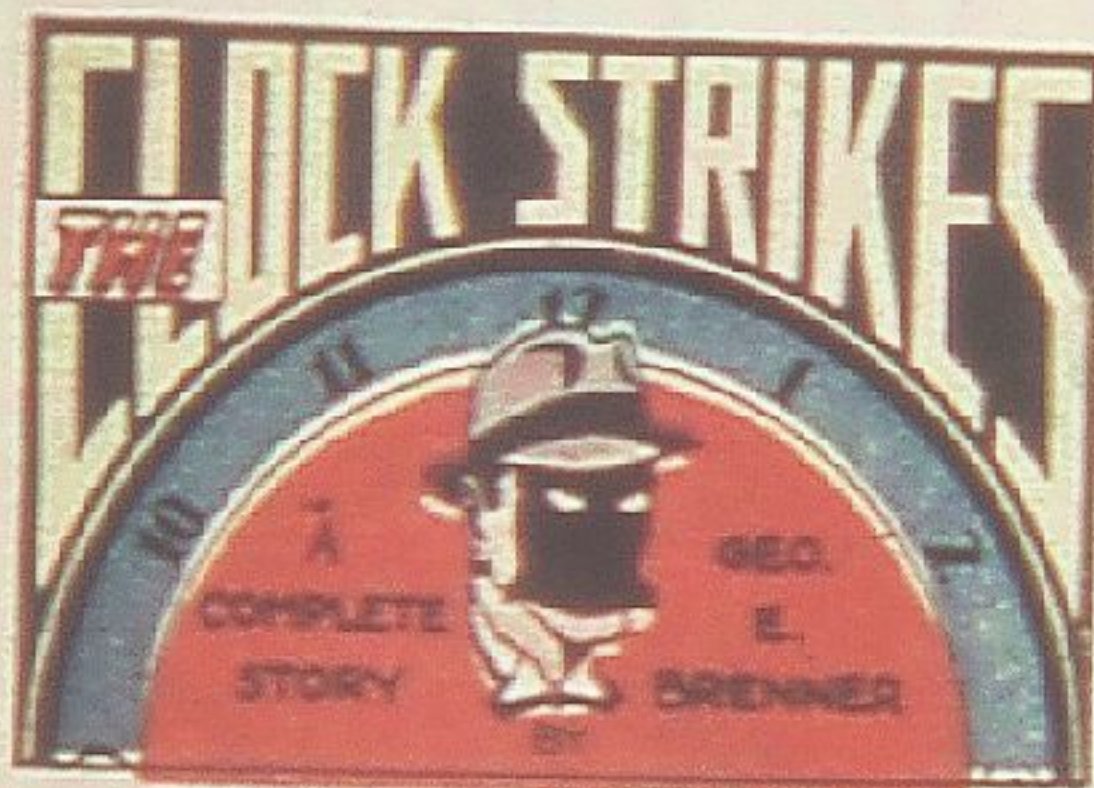


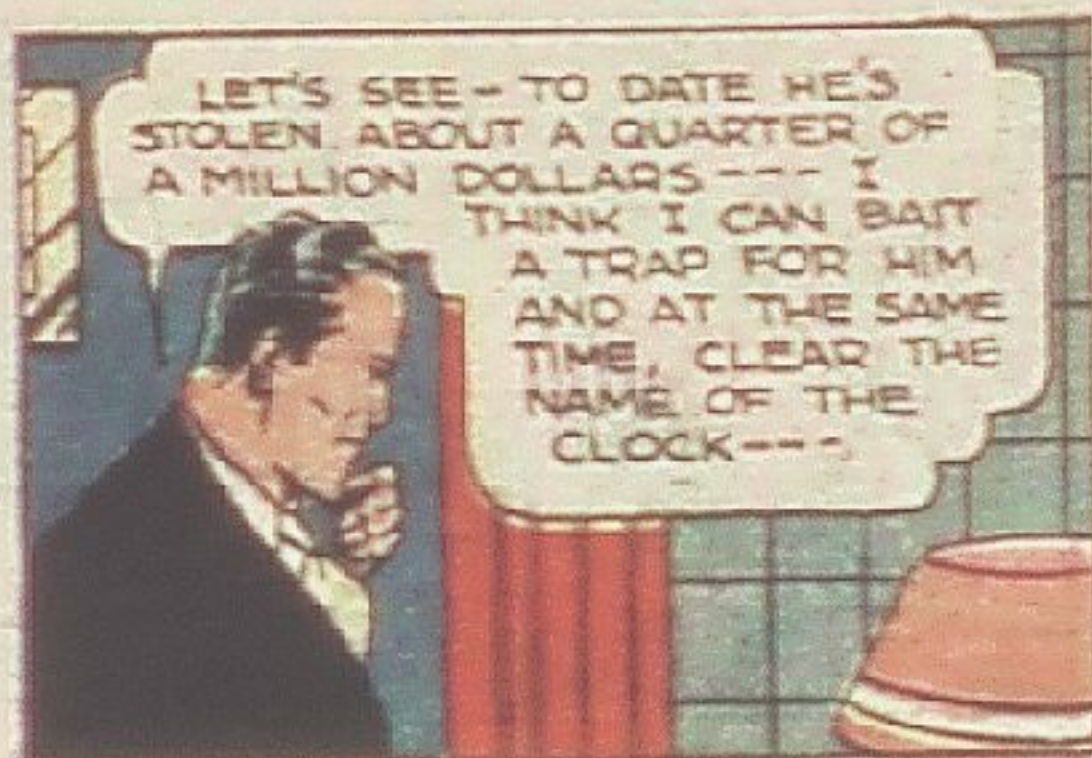
MAN AND WIFE!! TWO BUCKS PLEASE!

WHILE SAD WAS THE WEDDING OF MINNIE MESOAP—HER PARENTS OBJECTED, SOMEHAW TO EDEP.



WHILE MINNIE, WHO'S MARRIAGE WAS LIKELY TO SICK—FOUND NOTHING BUT SLISS WITH HER HUSBY AND KID!



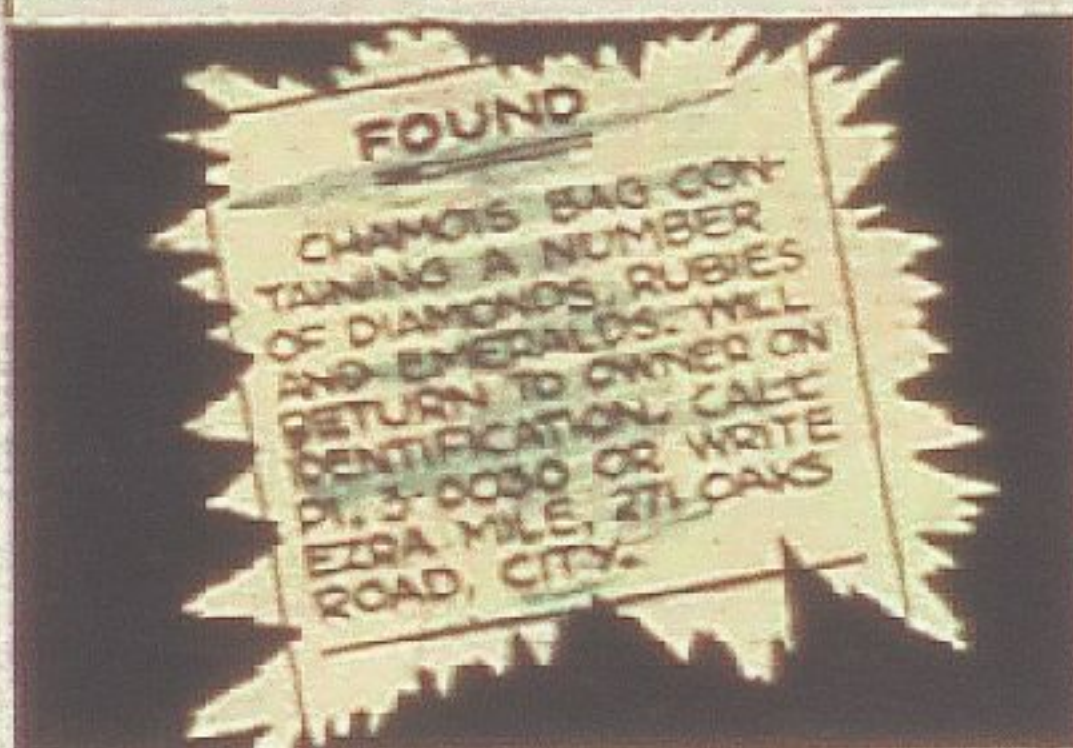


LET'S SEE - TO DATE HE'S
STOLEN ABOUT A QUARTER OF
A MILLION DOLLARS --- I
THINK I CAN BAIT
A TRAP FOR HIM
AND AT THE SAME
TIME, CLEAR THE
NAME OF THE
CLOCK---



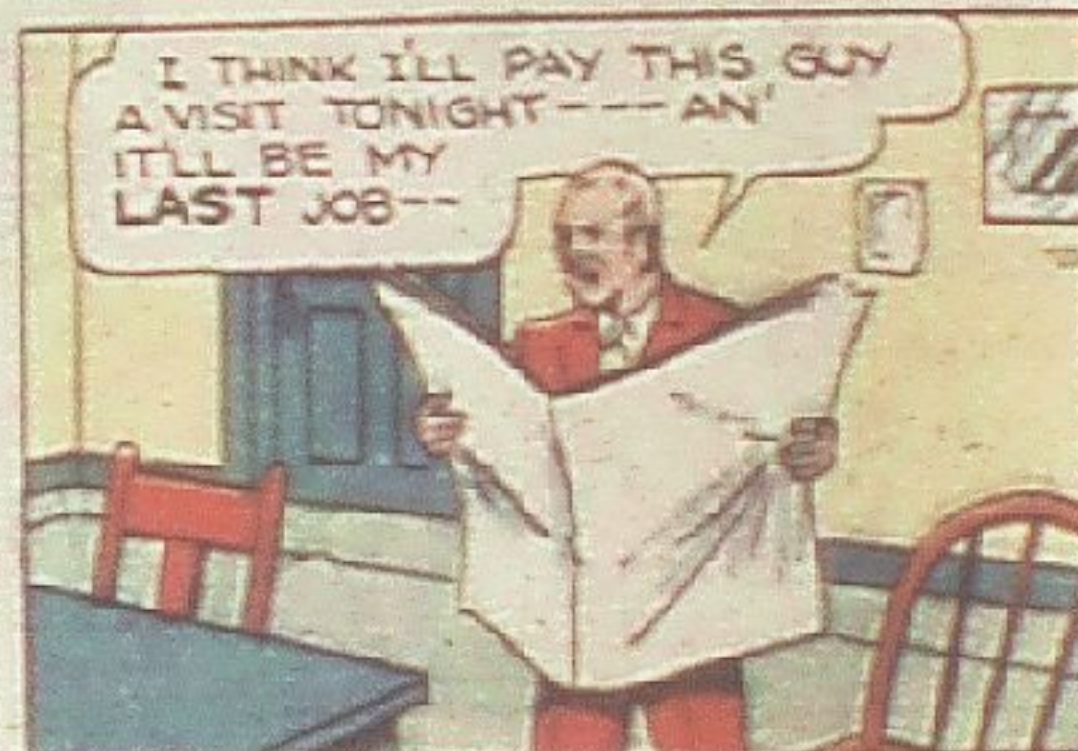
THE
NEXT
DAY
IN
A
ROOMING
HOUSE
ON
THE
EAST
SIDE-

HHH-WHAT'S
THIS??

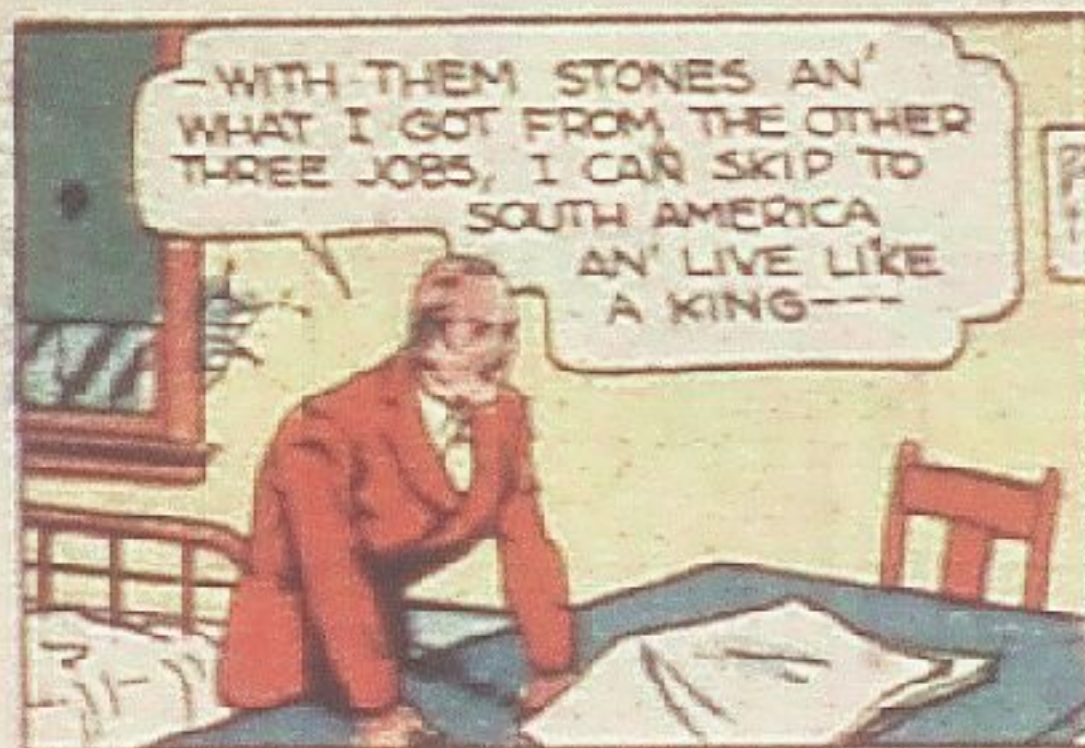


FOUND

CHAMOIS BAG CON-
TAINING A NUMBER
OF DIAMONDS, RUBIES
AND EMERALDS. WILL
RETURN TO OWNER ON
IDENTIFICATION. CALL
PL. 3-0030 OR WRITE
EZRA MILE, 271 OAKS
ROAD, CITY.



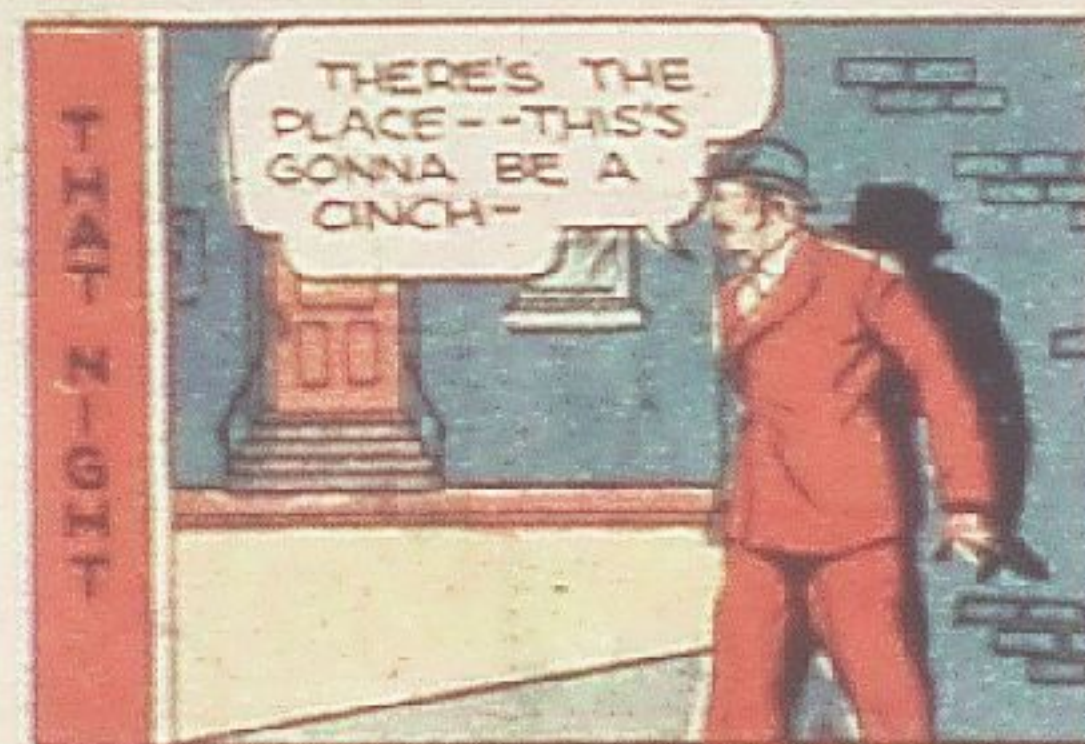
I THINK I'LL PAY THIS GUY
A VISIT TONIGHT --- AN'
IT'LL BE MY
LAST JOB--



- WITH THEM STONES AN'
WHAT I GOT FROM THE OTHER
THREE JOBS, I CAN SKIP TO
SOUTH AMERICA
AN' LIVE LIKE
A KING---



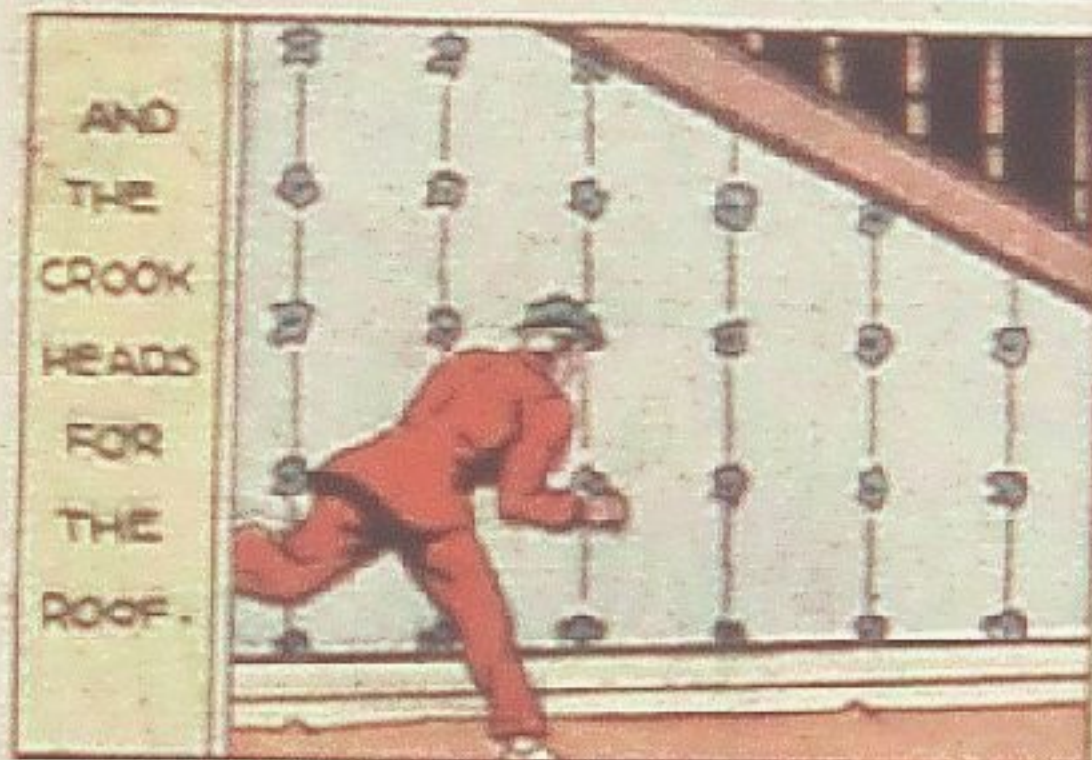
- AN' THE REAL CLOCK
CAN TAKE TH' RAP!!

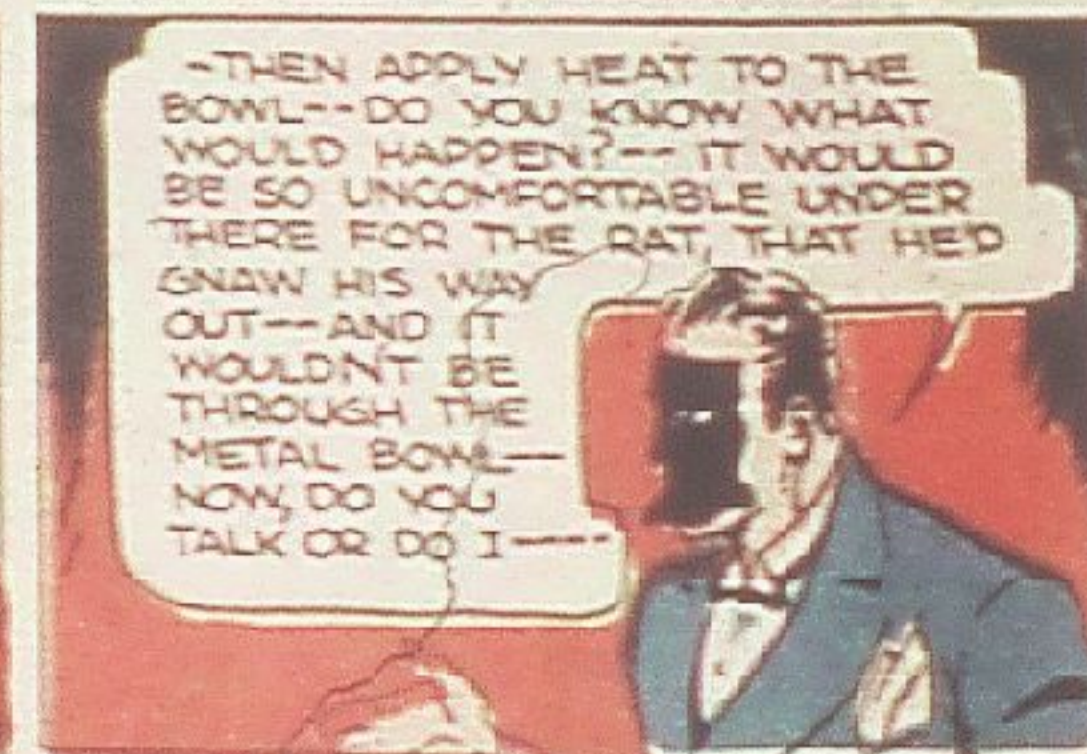
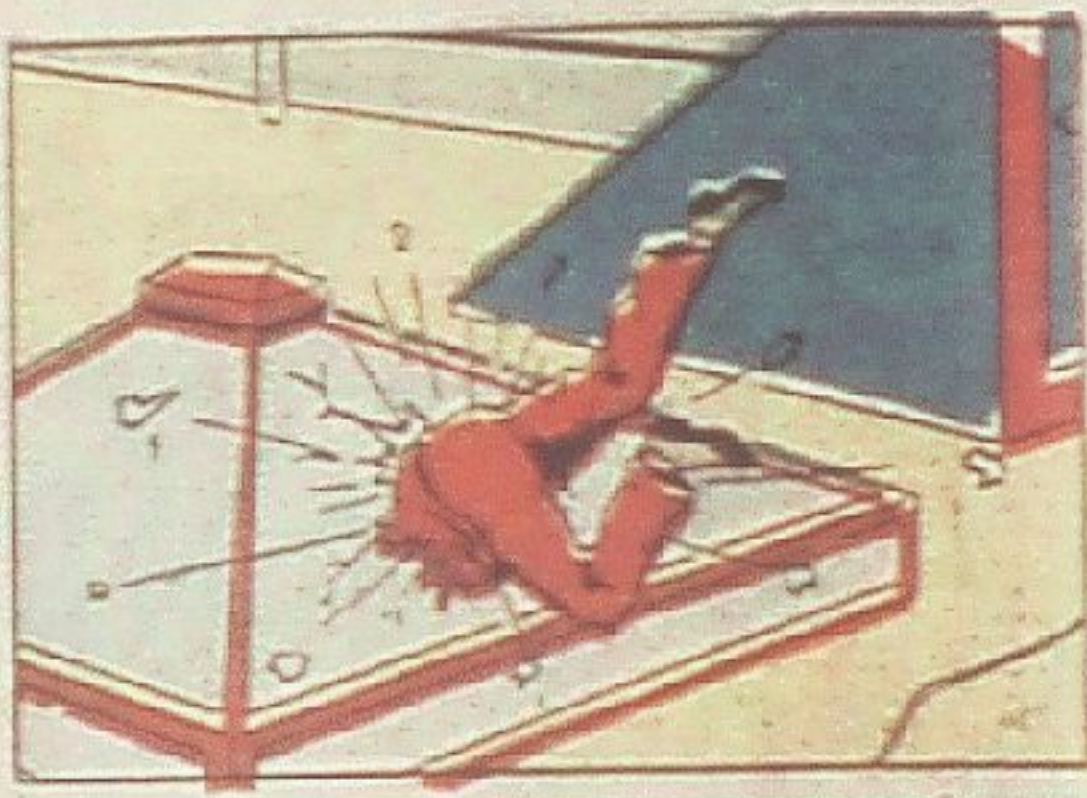
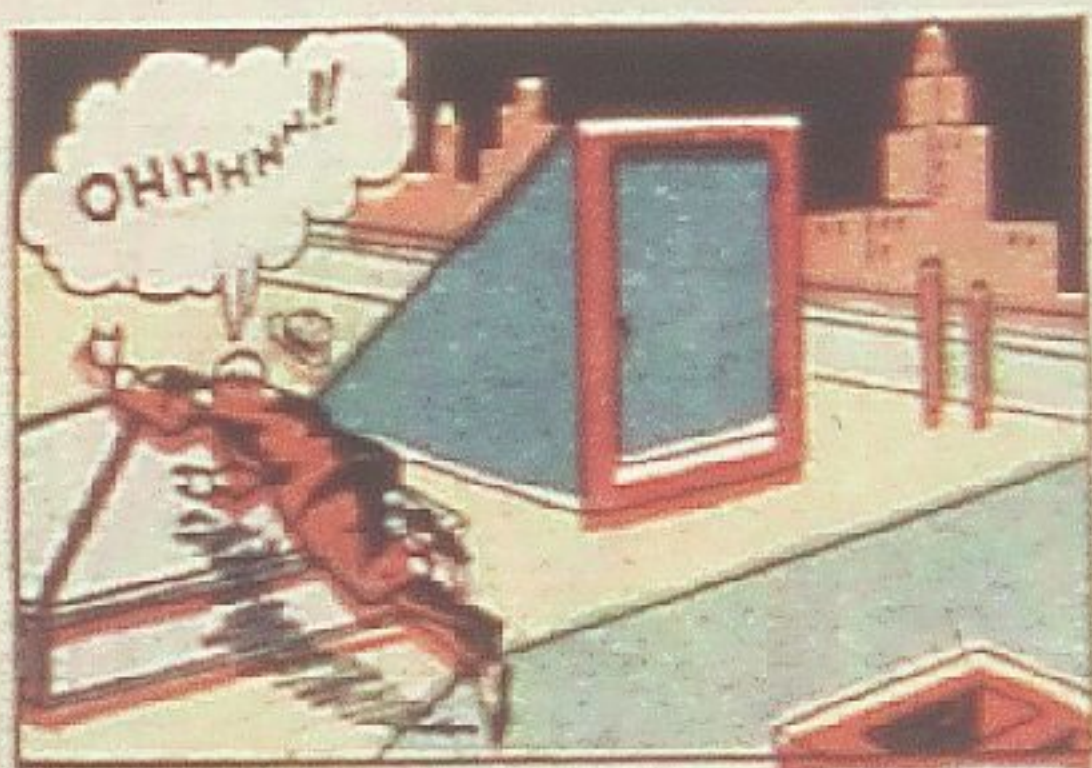


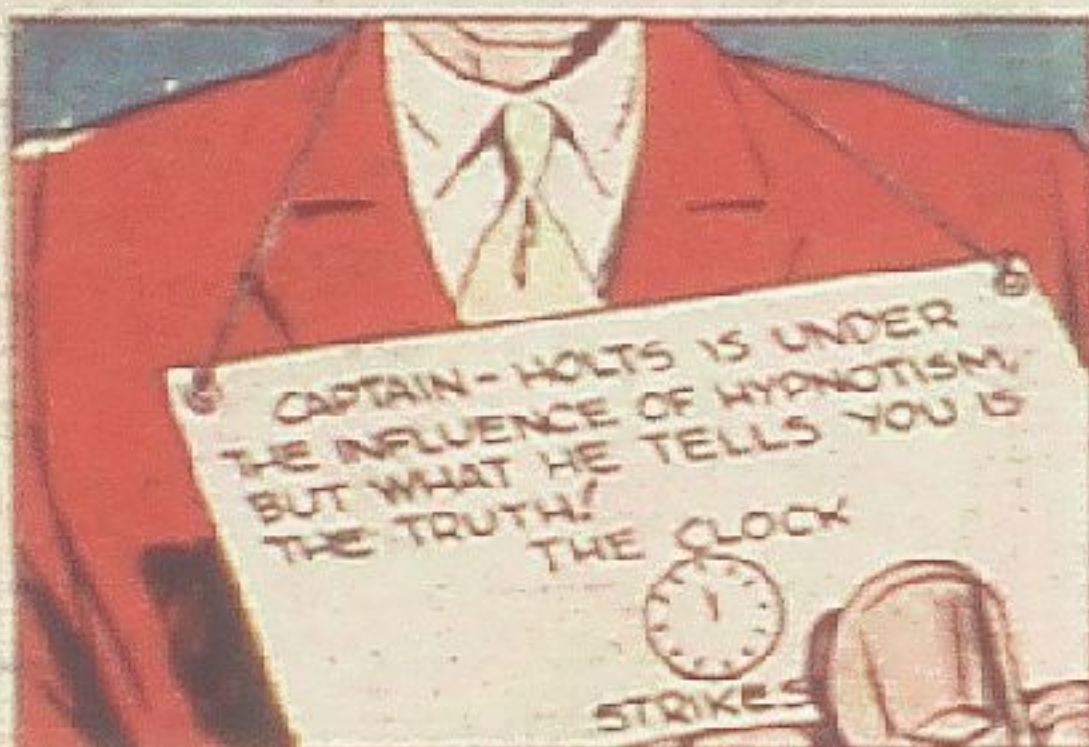
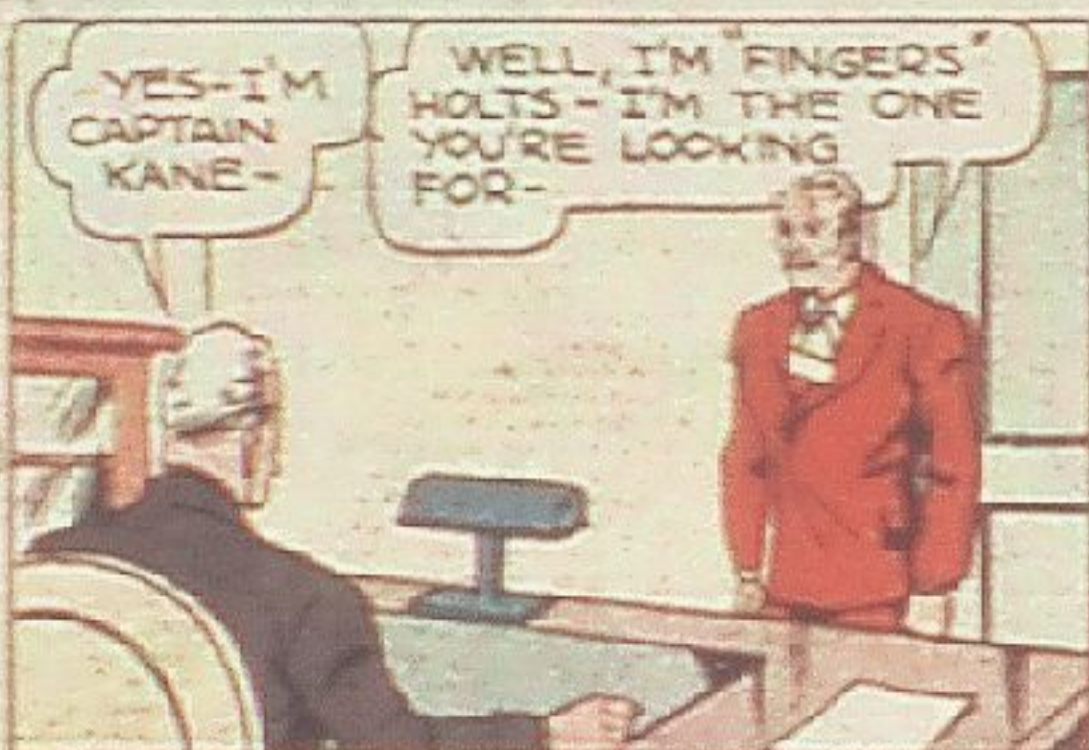
THERE'S THE
PLACE --- THIS'S
GONNA BE A
CINCH-



COME
IN!







THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About That Michigan Clout

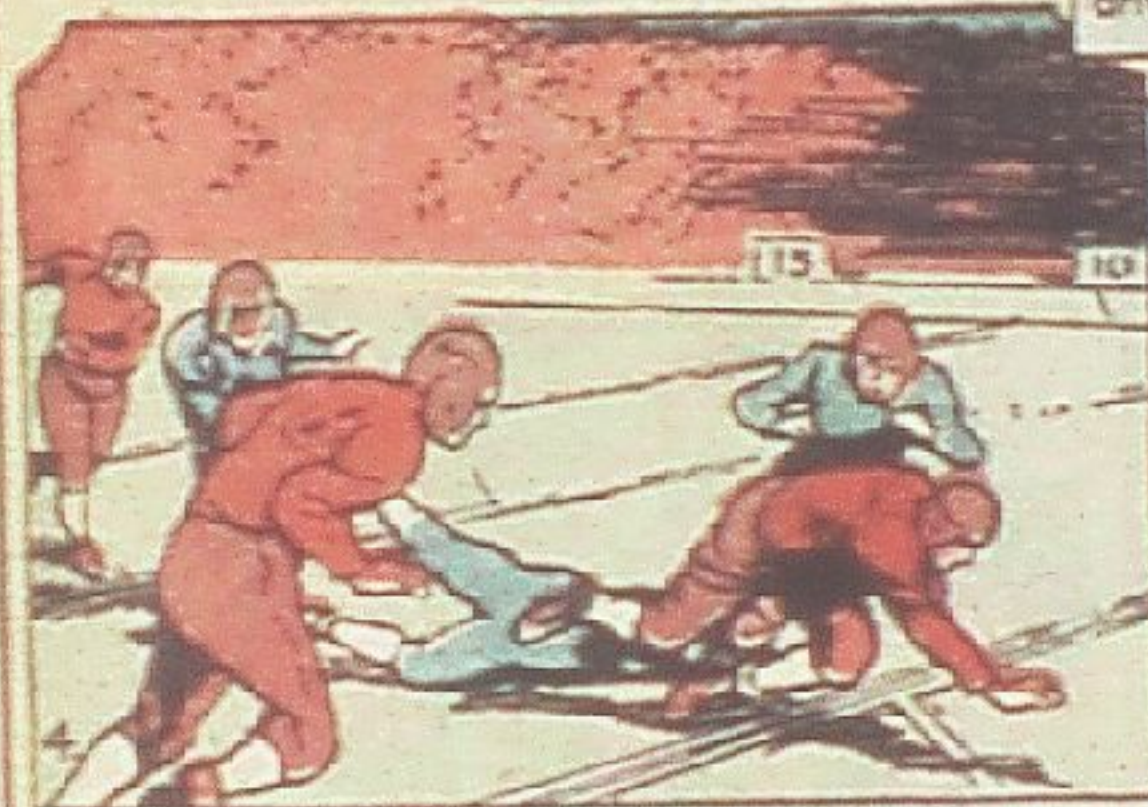
Boom! That low, spinning punt comes fairly whistling out from the very shadows of Minnesota's goal into the steel-like arms of Michigan's brilliant Jack Wheeler on the Gopher's 45-yard line.



Flying now, Wheeler knives his way through the Minnesota tacklers. By a miracle he keeps his feet!



Staggering under the terrific impact, Wheeler by a super-human effort sidesteps another Gopher tackler driving hard to bring him down.



Dodging, feinting, slipping, Wheeler concludes his amazing run with a desperate dive across the enemy's goal.



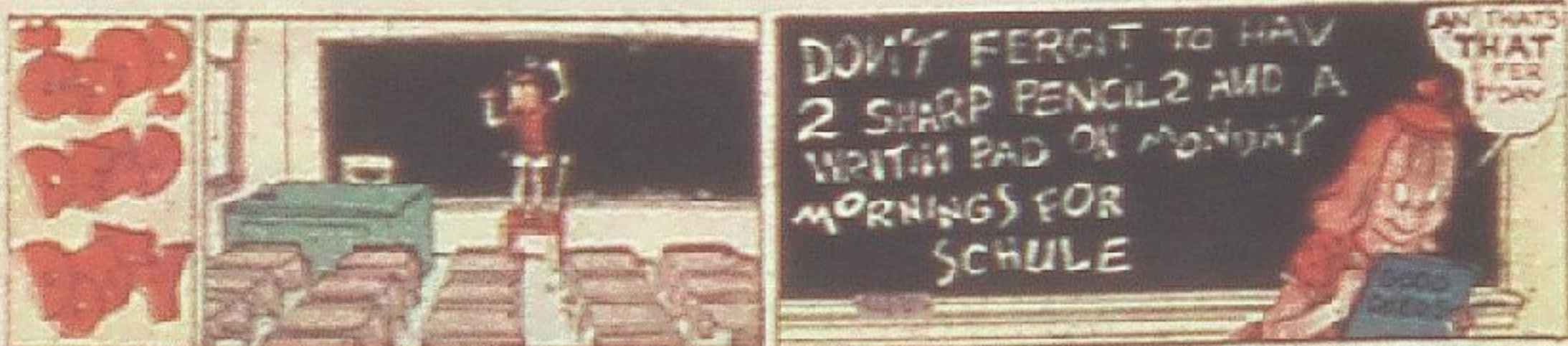
That was Nov. 15, 1930, at Ann Arbor, Mich., and this is Jack Wheeler, whose electrifying feat gave Michigan six of the seven points she scored to defeat Minnesota 7 to 0.



DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVoy and J. H. STRIEBEL





DIXIE DUGAN

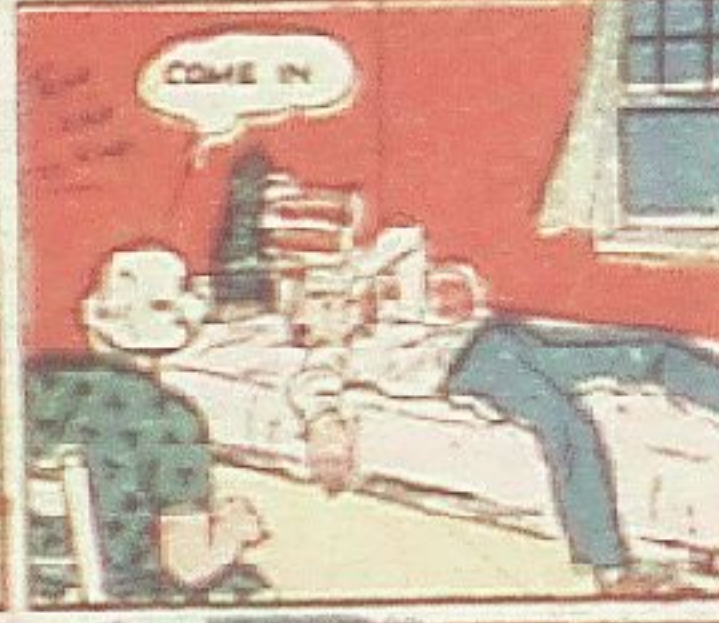
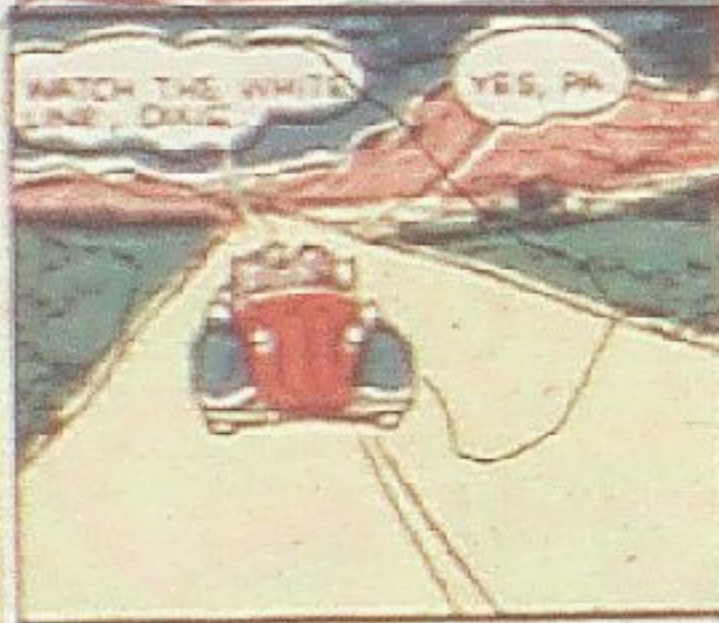
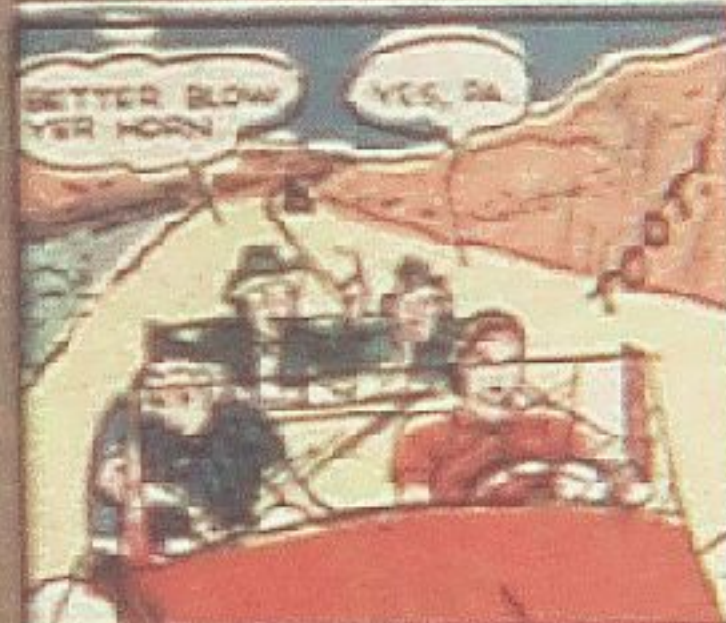
By J. P. McEVROY and J. H. STRIEBEL





DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL



Follow Dixie Dugan in the December issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale November 1st.

RANCE KEANE

THE KNIGHT OF THE WEST

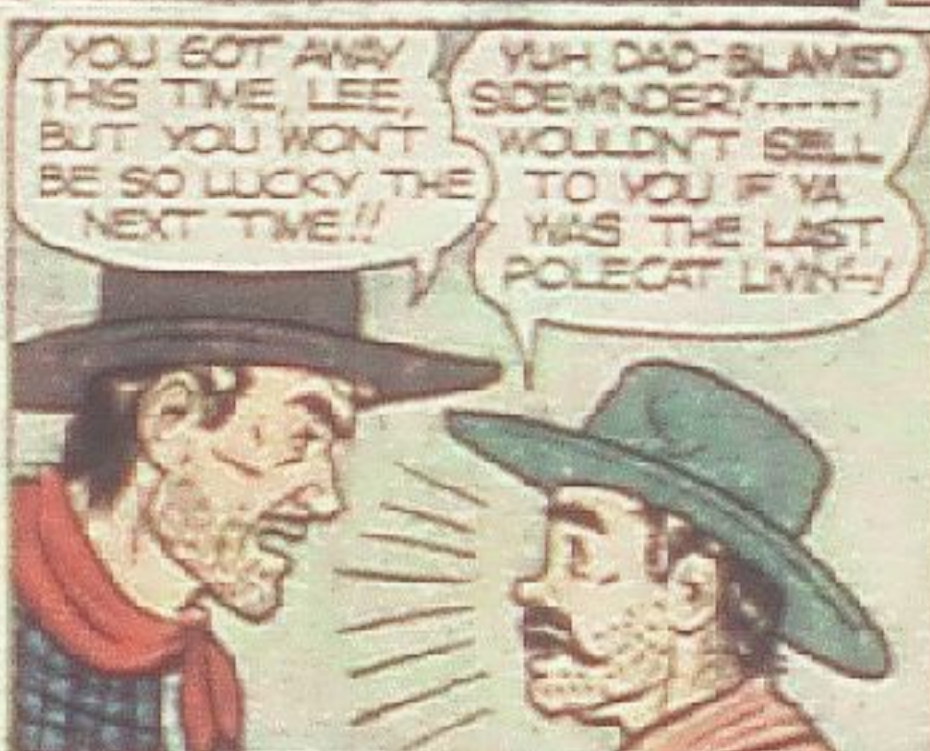
64

WILL ARTHUR

RANCE KEANE IS ALONE IN THE DESERT TOWN OF MEADE CITY. SUDDENLY A SERIES OF SHOTS SHATTERS THE QUIET OF THE AFTERNOON.



DICK PURDUE, TOWN BADMAN, TURNS TO SEE WHO SHOT THE GUN FROM HIS HAND, AND HE LOOKS INTO THE COLDLY DETERMINED FACE OF RANCE KEANE.



AS PURDUE BLUSTERS OFF, HE THREATENS RANCE KEANE---



WHEN PURDUE IS GONE, THE LITTLE WESTERNER INTRODUCES HIMSELF AS PEE-VEE LEE.



PEE WEE
AND RANCE
GO TO A
LUNCH ROOM
FOR SOME
COFFEE--

LEE TELLS
HIM PURDUE
IS TRYING
TO FORCE
HIM TO
SELL HIS
CHOICE
GRADING
LAND--

---CONSIDER HIM! HE'S
BEEN PUTTIN' POISON
IN MUH WATERHOLES,
OUTTIN' MAH FENCES
AND TRYIN' TO MAKE
IT SO MEAN FER ME
THAT I HAFTA SELL--

WHAT ABOUT
THE LAW HERE
IN MEADE CITY?

THE SHERIFF'S
AS CROOKED
AS A---

ZZING

THE SHOT CAME
FROM THIS WINDOW
BUT I DON'T SEE
ANYBODY!!

I RECKON IT WAS
A CRIMERY PURDUE
TRICK, PURE AND
SIMPLE!!

LOOK AT
HIS MUSTACHE!

KEANE
LEAVES
PEE WEE
AND SPENDS
THE NIGHT
DANCING THE
FLOOR--

THEN
SEVERAL
HOURS
BEFORE
DAWN--

I HAVE IT!!
I KNOW WHERE
I'VE SEEN PURDUE
BEFORE!!

KEANE STEALS
OUT INTO THE
NIGHT AND
MAKES HIS
WAY TO THE
DARKENED
SHERIFF'S
OFFICE--

GOING TO
THE REAR,
HE FORCES
OPEN A
WINDOW--

NOW TO COVER
THESE WINDOWS SO
THE LIGHT WON'T
BE SEEN--

A HALF HOUR LATER

AH! AT LAST!
JUST WHAT I WAS
LOOKING FOR!

WANTED



DIRK PURDUE
ALIAS 'HYDE' NOLLSET
10 IN. HAIR, BLACK EYES
BLACK, WANTED FOR
MURDER AND ROBBERY

RANCE POCKETS
THE POSTER AND
GOES BACK TO
HIS ROOM--THEN
HE SPENDS THE
EARLY MORNING
HOURS WRITING
A LETTER--

BEFORE NOON
HE GOES TO
THE POST
OFFICE AND--

LETTERS



SEVERAL DAYS OF INQUIRY SHOWS RANCE THAT PURDUE HAS THE TOWN BLUFFED AND NOONE WILL TAKE ACTION AGAINST HIM—

THEN HE RECEIVES A VISITOR—

YOU'RE GETTIN' NOSEY, KEANE! GET OUT OF TOWN WHILE YOU CAN!!

DON'T RECKON I WILL TILL I GET THE GUY WHO'S PAYING YOUR SALARY, SHERIFF!



WELL I CAN SAY IS-- YOU'VE GOT UNTIL SUNSET TO CLEAR OUT-- OR ELSE!



DRAWING UP TO DIRK PURDUE'S RANCH RANCE SIGHTS ONE OF THE HOODLUM'S MEN—

IS YOUR BOSS AROUND?

YEP! HE'S UP BY THE RANCH HOUSE NOW!



HELLO, PURDUE!

WAL, SHERIFF LOOK WHO'S COME TO SEE US! COME INSIDE, NOSEY!



IN THE HOUSE

I HAVE SOMETHING THAT SHOULD INTEREST YOU TWO HOMBRES!!



WHERE THE--?

RANCE HANDS THE OLD "WANTED" CIRCULAR TO THE TWO GENTS



WELL KEANE, YOU KNOW QUITE A BIT! SURE WE TRED TO KILL LEE AND WE DID PLENTY MORE, BUT YOU AN'T LIVIN' TO TELL ANYBODY--!!



THANKS FOR THE
CONFESSION, BOYS! THE
MARSHAL IS OUTSIDE THAT
WINDOW AND HAS TAKEN
DOWN EVERY WORD OF IT!

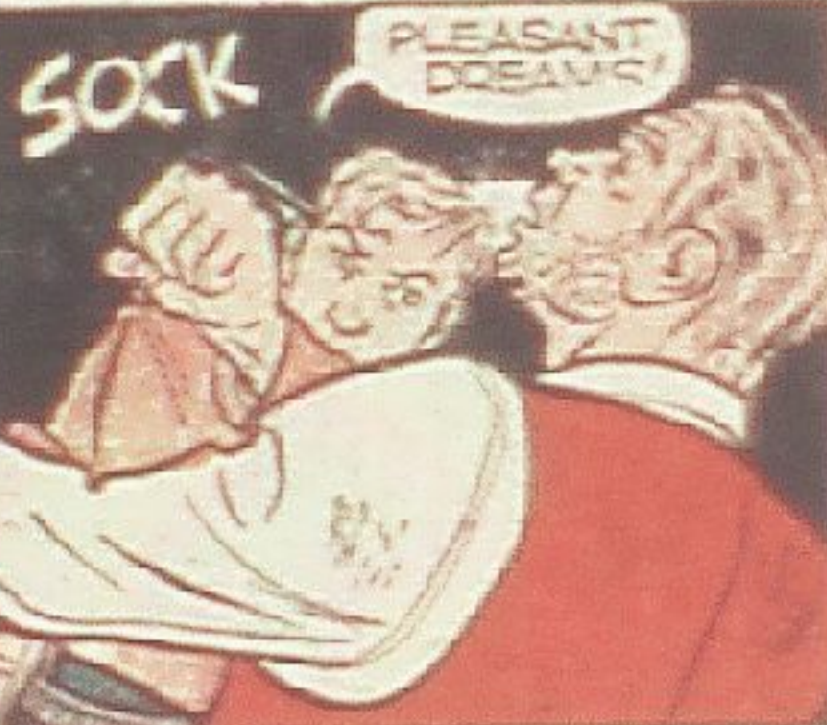


THE TWO
BOYS THEN
RANCE IS
SLEEPING TO
CATCH THEM
OFF GUARD

THAT'S TOO OLD A
GAS TO GET US WITH
KEANE--YOU'RE DONE
FOR!! AND NOW!!



BUT JUST
THEN THEY
HEAR A
COUGH FROM
OUTSIDE THE
WINDOW--
AS THEY
WALK
AROUND--



I GUESS THAT TAKES
CARE OF EVERYTHING!!
HERE ARE YOUR PRISONERS,
MARSHAL!!



AFTER THE
TWO OUTLAWS
ARE TIED UP
RANCE'S OLD
FRIEND THE
MARSHAL
CONGRATU-
LATES THE
KNIGHT OF
THE WEST

I GOT YOUR LETTER
ASKING ME TO COME
UP THIS AFTERNOON!
WE HO IN THE SAGE
BRUSH UNTIL WE SAW
YOU RIDE UP!!



WITH PURDUE
UNDER CONTROL
PEE WEE
DECIDES TO
LET ONE OF
HIS FOREMEN
RUN HIS RANCH
FOR HIM, SO
THAT HE CAN
ROAM THE
WEST WITH
RANCE--

WE UNUSUAL BEAUTY
IS SHORE LOST UNTIL I
GROW UP THIS HANDLE
BAR, THOSE BUZZARDS
SHOT OFF!!

WHY DON'T
YOU EVEN IT
UP BY CUT-
TING A BIT
OFF THE
OTHER
SIDE!!



JUMPIN' CATFISH!
I NEVER THOUGHT
OF THAT!!



Another thrilling adventure of Rance Keane in the December issue of FEATURE COMICS.

TODDY

By
GEORGE MARCOUX

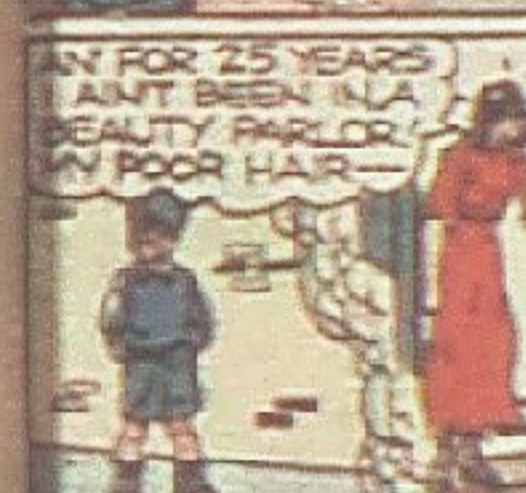


MORTIMER THE MUM



TODDY

BY
GEORGE MARCOUX



*More of Toddy and Mortimer Mum in the December issue of FEATURE COMICS.

REYNOLDS of the MOUNTED

by
ART PINAUIAN



STRAIGHT AHEAD LOOM THE TENTS OF THE RED HAWK INDIAN TRIBE.



—BUT AS REYNOLDS IS ABOUT TO ENTER THE VILLAGE—



WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? TELL YOUR CHIEF I WISH TO SEE HIM!



NO—NO CAN SEE CHIEF— HE SAY NO REDCOAT CAN ENTER VILLAGE! NOW GO!!



GIVE ME THAT GUN OR —



SUDDENLY, A SHOT RINGS OUT!



THEN CHIEF RED HAWK STEPS FROM BEHIND A ROCK, FOLLOWED BY ONE OF HIS MEN.



IS THIS THE WAY YOU GREET THE SERVANTS OF THE GREAT WHITE KING, CHIEF RED HAWK?



WHEN WE MADE PEACE WITH THE GREAT WHITE KING HE PROMISED THAT OUR VALLEY WOULD BE CLOSED TO THE WHITE MEN!!



THAT PROMISE HAS BEEN BROKEN—THE GREAT WHITE KING SHALL HEAR OF THIS IN WRITING! GO NOW, BEFORE I ORDER MY BRAVES TO SHOOT YOU DOWN!



HM—ID BETTER NOT START ANY TROUBLE NOW!



REYNOLDS LEAVES THE INDIAN VILLAGE.



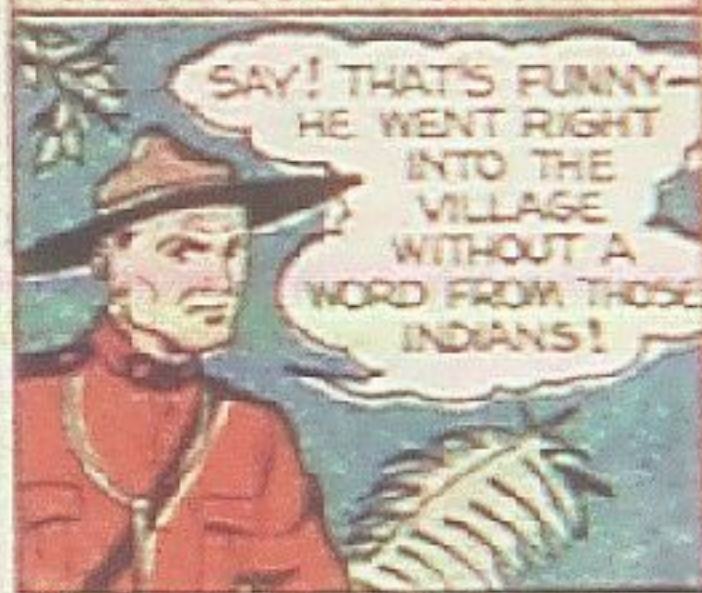
SO THEY DON'T WANT VISITORS, EH? THOSE INDIANS ARE UP TO SOMETHING!

AS REYNOLDS WALKS DOWN THE ROAD A HORSEMAN PASSES HIM.



HE'S HEADING FOR THE INDIAN VILLAGE!

THE RIDER ENTERS THE VILLAGE, AND A FEW MINUTES LATER DISAPPEARS FROM VIEW.



SAY! THAT'S FUNNY—HE WENT RIGHT INTO THE VILLAGE WITHOUT A WORD FROM THOSE INDIANS!

THE NEXT DAY
AT MOUNTED POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS

SURE, INSPECTOR—CHIEF RED HAWK IS GIVIN' ME COMPLETE COOPERATION!



GLAD TO HEAR IT, SANDERS—WELL, HERE COMES SERGEANT REYNOLDS!

SERGEANT, THIS IS PAUL SANDERS—HE'S STUDYING INDIAN CULTURE ON THE RED HAWK RESERVATION!



HOW DO YOU DO, SERGEANT—JUST DROPPED IN TO SAY HELLO TO THE INSPECTOR!

I'LL BE GOIN' NOW, INSPECTOR—SEE YOU LATER!



GOODBYE, SANDERS—DON'T FORGET TO CALL ON US IF YOU NEED ANY HELP!

I'M GLAD THOSE INDIANS ARE UNDER CONTROL AT LAST! I'M SENDING IN MY REPORT NEXT WEEK!



ER—Y—YES SIR!

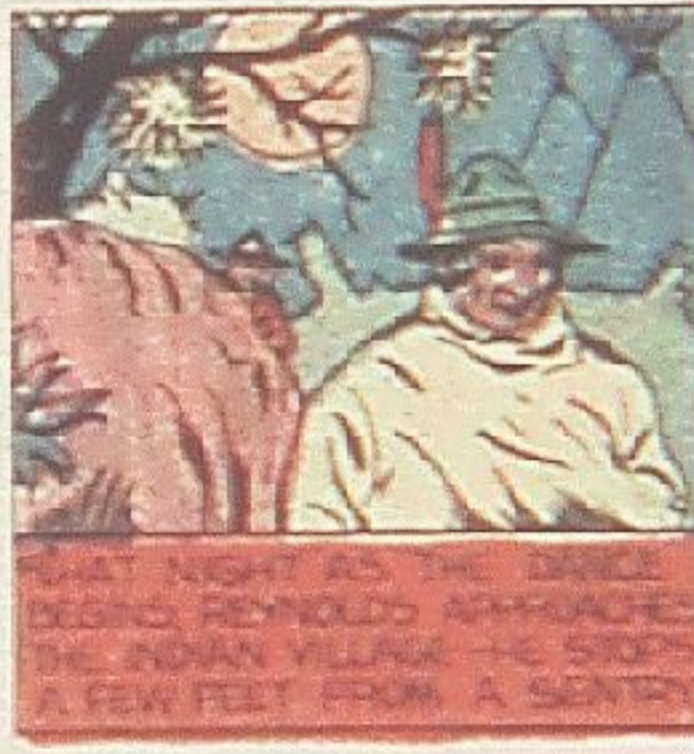
SANDERS TOLD ME THE RED HAWK INDIANS ARE HAVING A BIG CEREMONIAL POW-WOW TONIGHT—MUST BE AN IMPORTANT EVENT!



REYNOLDS LEAVES THE INSPECTOR AND RETURNS TO HIS QUARTERS.



SOMEHOW I'VE GOT TO BE AT THAT INDIAN DANCE TONIGHT! IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE TO FIND OUT WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!



LAST NIGHT AS THE SNELL BEGINS REYNOLDS APPROACHES THE INDIAN VILLAGE. HE STOPS A FEW FEET FROM A SENTRY.



SORRY, OLD FELLOW—BUT I'LL
BE NEEDING YOUR BLANKET
AND HAT FOR A WHILE!!

A FEW MINUTES LATER THE
DISGUISED MOUNTIE PROCEEDS
TO THE INDIAN FESTIVAL --



--AND MAKES HIS WAY UNNOTICED TO THE BASE OF A
TOTEM POLE.



FROM HERE I
CAN WATCH
EVERY MOVE
THEY MAKE!
THINGS OUGHT TO
START HAPPENING
SOON!



O, WARRIORS--WE ARE GATHERED
HERE TO WELCOME A NEW
BROTHER INTO OUR TRIBE --
HE HAS GIVEN US MANY
RIFLES AND HAS
PROMISED MANY
MORE!



WITH THESE GUNS WE WILL
ONCE MORE BECOME A MIGHTY
TRIBE --WE WILL RISE IN
ARMS AGAINST THE
REDCOATS!

SO!!
SOMEONE'S
SELLING GUNS
TO THE INDIANS!



FOR THIS WE MAKE FRIEND A
CHIEF--I WILL NOW PLACE
THIS HEAD-DRESS OF
EAGLE FEATHERS ON HIS--



AT THIS
MOMENT
REYNOLDS
STEPS
OUT AND
FACES
THE
INDIANS!

STOP!! RED HAWK
IS A FOOL! NO
MAN CAN OVERCOME
THE REDCOATS!
AS FOR YOU,
SANDERS --
YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST!

IT'S THAT MOUNTIE, BLAST HIM!! HE'S HEARD EVERYTHING - I'LL GET HIM FOR THAT!!



REYNOLDS FIRES BEFORE SANDERS CAN



OWW!! MY SHOULDER!! KILL HIM, RED HAWK - KILL TH' MOUNTIE!



DEATH FOR THE REDCOAT - HE HAS WOUNDED OUR BROTHER!



BUT QUICK AS A FLASH, REYNOLDS LEAPS BEHIND RED HAWK AND STOPS HIS GUN INTO THE INDIAN'S BACK!!

STOP!! STAND BACK - OR YOUR CHIEF DIES!! NOW, QUIET THEM, RED HAWK - IF YOU WANT TO LIVE -



LET THERE BE PEACE!!

WHO CAN BATTLE WITH THE REDCOATS - IF WE KILL THIS ONE, MANY MORE WILL COME! WE WANT ONLY TO LIVE PEACEFULLY ON THE LANDS OF OUR FATHERS - RED HAWK HAS SPOKEN!



OKAY, SANDERS - MOVE ALONG - HEREAFTER YOU'LL DO YOUR STUDYING OF INDIAN CULTURE FROM BOOKS, AND WHERE YOU'RE GOING YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME!!



THE NEXT DAY - AT HEADQUARTERS

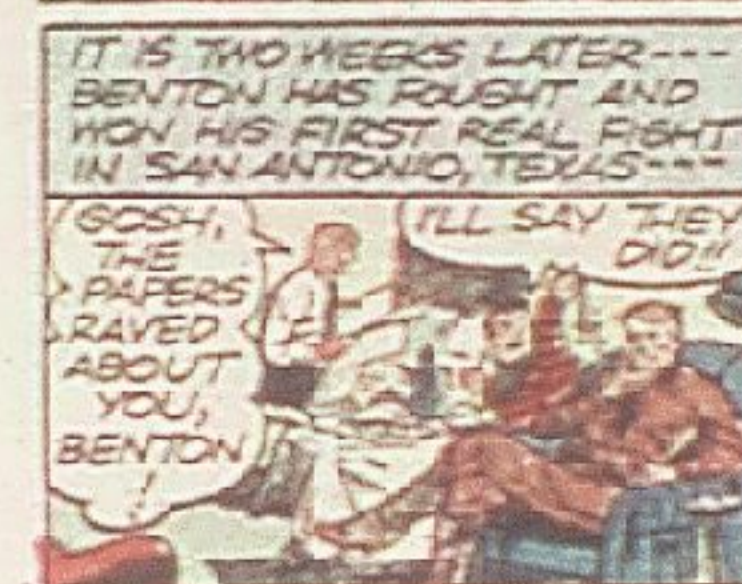
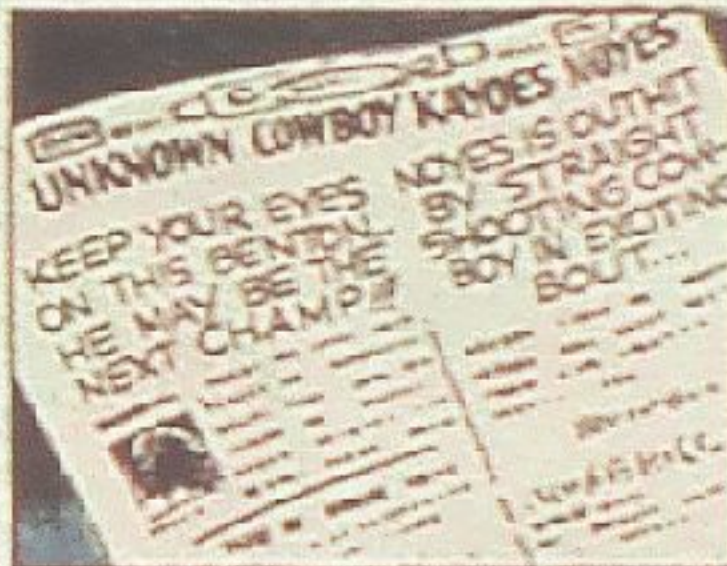
GREAT WORK, SERGEANT - WE'RE HAVING THE RED HAWK VILLAGE SEARCHED FOR THOSE RIFLES - AND THINGS SHOULD BE QUIET THERE NOW, THANKS TO YOU!



Follow Reynolds Of The Mounted in the December issue of FEATURE COMICS.

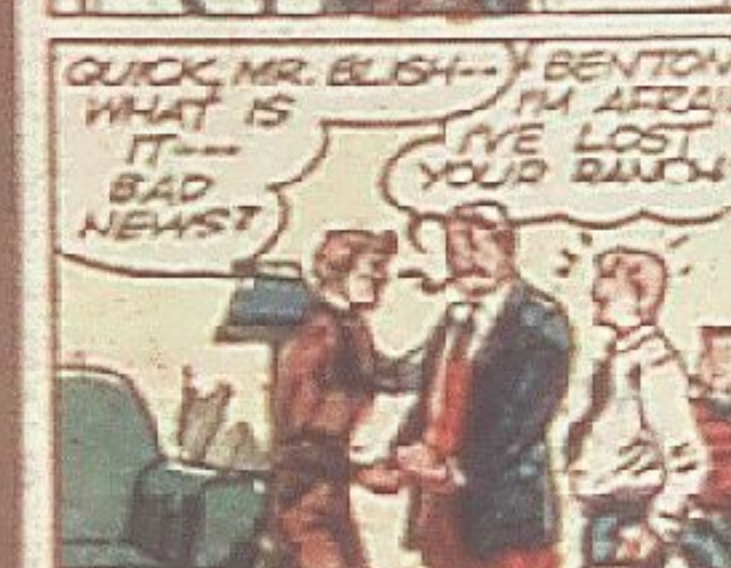
SLIM and TUBBY

John J. Welch



SLIM and TUBBY

John J. Welch



Slim and Tubby is continued in the December issue--on sale November 1st.

COVE OF THE BEASTS

By Robert M. Hyatt

Part I

The night closed down dark and sinister. And with the darkness there descended a tremendous silence. Only one sound disturbed the utter quiet, the soft lap of brackish water against the ancient hull of the *John Elden*. The crew had long since gone below, leaving only old Crimp, the lookout, squatting in the prow.

Crimp spoke in a sepulchral voice: "Evil waters, me lada, evil waters these be. I don't like sailin' 'em in the daytime let alone at night."

The two youths leaning over the rail nearby turned. Billy Braden said, "Why is it, Crimp, that this part of the Pacific seems to have such an evil reputation? I never saw a crew with a worse case of the jeebies."

"Listen," the old man said hollowly. "Listen—ye hear it? Ye hear that sighin' sound, like souls in trouble? That's the ghosts that ha'nt these foul waters, the ghosts of men who have gone down . . . ye can smell death in the air—"

The small shudder that crept down Billy Braden's spine was transmitted to Doc Lorraine, his companion.

"I say," said Billy, "this sort of thing is enough to give anybody the creeps." He lowered his voice and said, "Let's tell him now . . . we've got to be shoving off pretty quick."

Doc said, "Look, Crimp, all you say is probably true, but we came on this cruise for one purpose, and that is to land on Shark Island. Since the skipper refuses to take us any nearer the island, we thought of a plan. We both have thirty dollars' pay coming. That's more than enough to pay for the dory. If it's okay with you, we'll just lower it and get away while the crew's asleep."

Crimp spat over the rail. "Tain't none of my business if

you young fools want to die. An' die ye will if ye set foot on Shark Island. It's a good two-mile pull from here to the reef. After that Heaven help ye!"

It required only a few minutes to lower the small boat. Crimp stowed a cask of water and several tins of beef and crackers in the tiny cockpit and waved as the boys drew away from the *John Elden*.

"So help me," muttered Doc as they got underway, "there is something in the air here. Look at that water, it's like oil."

Billy conquered a shiver in his voice and replied, "What I don't like is the sharks. Look at 'em out there! I'd hate to tumble overboard . . . well, let's row, old feller!"

Billy's mind worked faster than his arms. Something told him they had been foolhardy to take this trek to an almost unknown island in the South Pacific. Yet—that bottle which had floated into San Diego Bay a few weeks ago, just after school let out . . . what a bottle! A dozen gold coins inside, carefully wrapped in an old map—the map of a pirate's cache of loot! Who had cast the bottle adrift? When?

Doc Lorraine had gone wacky when they found the bottle. And three days later he had persuaded his uncle to book passage for both of them on the trader *John Elden*. Rather, he had secured jobs for them on the old schooner for the duration of the cruise. And now—treasure! Pirate gold! Desert island! What anticipations they had had when they boarded the creaky vessel.

Well, they were here, drawing closer to their destination through a sea which sailors feared, over which hung the shadow of something fearsome.

The booming surf brought Billy out of his dreams. They had slipped into the first break-

ers and they could dimly see the white line of foam spilling up on shore and behind it the towering cliffs that bordered the island.

"Keep her nose straight," warned Doc. "This is a treacherous reef."

Then they were in the grip of the mighty undertow and hurtling toward shore as if caught in a mill-race. Salt spray blinded them as they were picked up, spun crazily, and dropped far up the beach on the sand. For a moment both boys sat stunned, wiping their eyes, then they scrambled out in the darkness.

"Matches soaking wet," Billy exclaimed with dismay. "We'll have to spread 'em out to dry."

"Gee," said Doc, "wish we could have a fire; I'm cold . . . guess we'll have to suffer for tonight, huh?"

Billy found a comfortable position against the dory and yawned. "You know," he said, "I hope the *John Elden* doesn't forget to return for us next month. What if they—"

A high-pitched scream thudded across the night. Billy gasped, "Good grief, Doc! What was that?"

"I—it sounded like a gorilla—or something," Doc's voice quavered. "B-but it couldn't be that. Must've been a wild cat or—"

The cry came again, farther off, dying in a gurgling sob.

"Say, look!" Doc said, pointing upward where a high cliff frowned over the little lagoon. "A light."

"Why—somebody must live here!" Billy cried, with something of hope in his voice. "Maybe it's the person who sent the bottle out—maybe the pirate—"

"Well, there's only one way to find out," Doc got up. "Come on, let's go see."

They began climbing the hill. After a half hour of rough go-

ing, they reached the summit. Facing out toward the sea stood a small shack. To this the boys groped their way.

Doc rose cautiously as they crouched under the window and peered inside. A rasping oath filtered through the aperture. "Nina—Nina!" came a booming voice. "Come here, you little imp!"

Both boys were looking inside now. What they saw sent shivers over them. A huge man with a mop of wild white hair sat on a chair. Propped on a bench in front of him was his right leg, entirely bandaged in gauze. The man's face was contorted.

"Nina!" he shouted again.

A slim girl came hesitantly in the door and pined several feet away from the cripple. "Yes, father," she said in a trembling voice.

"Go down to the house and fetch me that medicine," the man ordered.

"B-but father," cried the girl, "Jogo is loose. He'll—"

"Jogo won't hurt you. If he does, jump in the lagoon."

"But the sharks—" continued the frightened girl.

The huge figure came out of his chair with a bound and grasped a heavy cane. "Get!" he shouted. "Mind what I say, or I'll break you in bits!"

Nina ran, sobbing, into the darkness.

"Why, the mean old man!" muttered Billy under his breath. "Treating his own daughter like that."

"S-sssh!" cautioned Doc. "Look there."

A cot on the far side of the shack showed signs of occupancy. The mass of blankets were thrown back and a humped creature climbed slowly to the floor. Shuffling, the figure crossed toward the big man and squatted in front of him.

"The John Elden got away, father?" he asked in a creaky voice.

"Yes, blast her! She never came nearer than two miles. We need fog... we'll never get 'em in here without fog... holy cat, Ivan, this leg hurts!"

Ivan caressed the lump on his back. "Yes, fog. Funny weather we're having; should have lots of fog this time of year."

A loud crashing of brush at the foot of the cliff made both boys whirl. A blood-curdling scream split the night, followed by the girl's outcry.

"Come on!" Billy cried. "That thing's got her!"

Slipping and sliding, they rushed down the hill. The last few feet were a headlong plunge through thorny brambles. When they had extricated themselves and stood up, there was no sound, and the light on the cliff had gone out.

"Well," said Doc, "what do you make of it? Have we been dreaming or—"

"I haven't been dreaming about these thorns," Billy opined. "Gosh, my hands are full of 'em."

"Gee, it's dark," Doc stated. "Well, whatever it was—or is—we can't do anything more to-night. Let's go back to camp."

Doc had found some dry matches and started a small fire of driftwood. Sitting before the flames, the boys discussed the strange occurrence of the last few hours. Who was the evil pair in the shack and what had they meant by their reference to the John Elden getting away? And that sweet-faced girl—what had happened to her?

"You know," said Billy "there's something mighty queer about all this. Who do you suppose Jogo is?"

Doc shook his head. "It's got me, pard—in fact, the whole cruise down here was sorta strange—I mean the way the crew acted and all."

"You suppose," Billy said abruptly, "that these people here know about the treasure?"

"Wish I knew," Doc replied. "Maybe morning will bring the answer."

Their boat was gone! That was the first thing dawn revealed. Somewhat alarmed, the boys held a brief council. The boat hadn't snapped its mooring rope. It had been heaved far up on the beach. The rope had been carefully unfastened. By whom?

After a hasty breakfast, Billy and Doc set off for the interior of the island. An hour's walk brought them to a little glade shaded by tall palmettos, and there a well-defined trail led off into the bush. They halted for a breather. It was then that an eerie laugh brought them whirling about. Behind them, rifle held ready, stood a strange apparition.

COVE OF THE BEASTS

is concluded in the December issue of **FEATURE COMICS**—on sale November 1st.



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"THE HUSSY!!
IMAGINE-- SHE GIVES
GRADE 'A' MILK ON THIS
AWFUL PASTURE!"

"AT LEAST THIS
WILL CURE ME OF
BITING MY NAILS!"



Lala Palooza

W-W-WHO'S
THERE?

I'M SURE IT'S A BURGLAR! — I
CAN HEAR HIM KNOCKING
THINGS
AROUND!

THAT'S
MY
KNEES
Y'HEAR,
LALA!

H-HHEY! — Y-Y-YOUD
B-BETTER C-COME
OUT OR I'LL
S-S-SHOOT!

SEZ YOU,
FATTY!

OH, DEAR!! — HE'S PROBABLY
KILLING POOR VINCENT — I'M
GOING TO CALL THE POLICE!!

VINCENT! — ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT? WHERE'S
THE BURGLAR?

OH-YOU POOR BOY!
HE MUST'VE HIT
YOU ON THE
HEAD —
LOOK
AT THE
LUMP!

I
CANT —
BUT I
CAN FEEL
IT —

I PHONED THE
POLICE — THERE'S
THE DOORBELL —

OH, WHAT
A
LUMP!

WE'RE THE POLICE —
HAVE YLEFT EVERY-
THING EXACTLY AS
Y'FOUND IT!

WELL,
I JUST
PICKED
VINCENT
UP —

HOW D'YA EXPECT US TO CATCH
CRIMINALS IF YOU SPOIL ALL THE
CLUES? — EVERYTHING HAS
T'BE EXACTLY AS Y'FOUND
IT!

EVERYTHING!

YES, EVERYTHING — I WANT
THE ROOM JUST AS IT WAS
WHEN YOU CAME INTO IT!

WELL,
ALL
RIGHT —
OH,
MY
HEAD!

I HATE TDO THIS,
VINCENT, BUT
THE OFFICER
INSISTS!

THAT'S HOW I FOUND THINGS —
BUT, OF COURSE, VINCENT HAD
ONLY ONE LUMP
ON HIS HEAD
THEN!

LALAPALOOZA

WOW!—DID THOSE GUYS TAKE ME TO THE CLEANERS!!

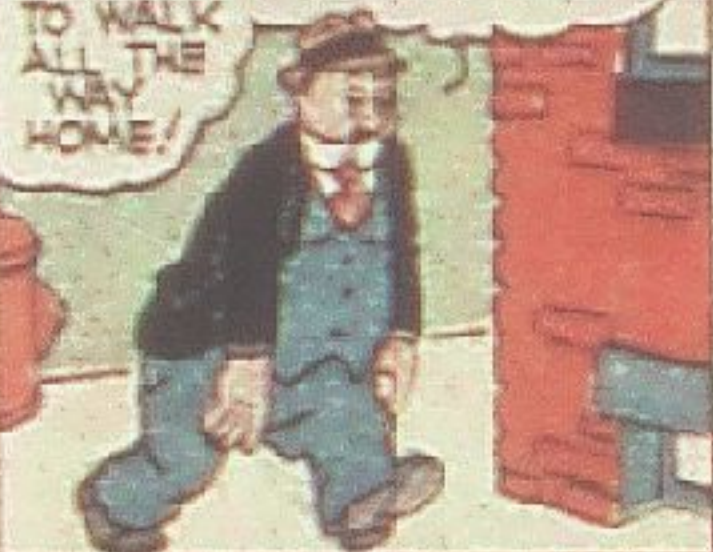
ACHE
BILLIARD
ACADEMY



I HAVEN'T EVEN GOT A DIME FOR CARFARE— I'LL HAVE TO WALK ALL THE WAY HOME!

WOOF! TWENTY BLOCKS T'SO AN' MY DOGS ARE BARKIN' ALREADY— I GOTTA REST!

AH—GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR— I SEE YOU HAVE BEEN ATTRACTED BY THE BEAUTY OF OUR NEW SUPER TWELVE—



JUST STEP INTO THE SHOWROOM AND SEE SOME OF THE OTHER MODELS

BEAUTIFUL, AREN'T THEY? BUT I KNOW YOU'D LIKE A DEMONSTRATION— LET'S STEP OUTSIDE...

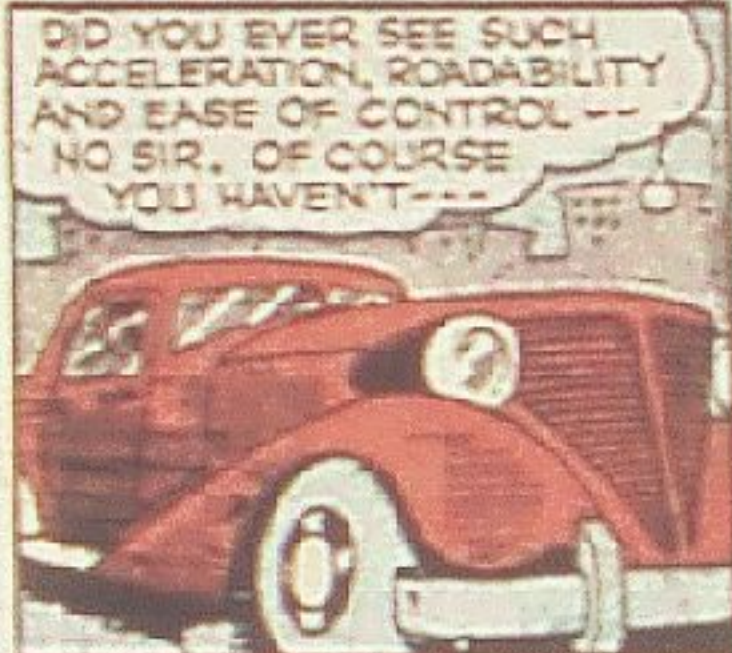
...AND I'LL TAKE YOU FOR A LITTLE SPIN— JUST TO PROVE THE CAR'S ATTRACTIVE!



DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH ACCELERATION, ROADABILITY AND EASE OF CONTROL— NO SIR, OF COURSE YOU HAVEN'T—

AN ASTOUNDING CAR, IS IT NOT, SIR— I SHOULD SAY IT IS— AH! HERE WE ARE BACK AT THE SHOWROOM— COME ALONG, SIR!

NOW JUST SIT DOWN AND I'LL EXPLAIN OUR EASY CREDIT PLAN—



CREDIT?— DO YOU GIVE CREDIT?— WHY CERTAINLY, YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD WITH US!

THAT'S SWELL!— CAN YA LEND ME A DIME FOR CARFARE?

A DIME?

TSK, TSK— I NEVER SAW ANYBODY'S ATTITUDE CHANGE SO COMPLETELY!



LALA PALOOZA

THIS IS MY BOARDING HOUSE FOOD-REACHER!

PLEASE, SIS—CAN'T I HAVE JUST ONE TWIN DUMB FOR A CUP OF JAVA AND SINKERS?

ABSOLUTELY NO! I REMEMBER, WE'RE ON A DIET!

OH VINCENT, AREN'T THESE KATS LOVELY? I COME ON IN—I WANT TO TRY SOME ON—

NO THANKS, LALA—I'M GONNA TAKE A WALK AROUND THE BLOCK AN' TRY TO FORGET HOW HUNGRY I AM!

THE WAY I FEEL, I COULD EAT A COW—HORNS AN' ALL!

OOOPS! THAT LADY DROPPED HER HANDBAG!

HEY, LADY, YOUR BAG!—SHE DOESN'T HEAR ME—I'LL HAVE TO RUN AFTER HER!

GOOD GRIEF!—IT'S VINCENT! HE'S STOLEN SOMEBODY'S HANDBAG! OH DEAR! WHY DID I REFUSE TO GIVE HIM THAT MONEY!

PUFF, PUFF, YOUR BAG, LADY—YOU DROPPED IT!

OH, THANK YOU, MY GOOD MAN—HERE'S A DOLLAR FOR YOUR TROUBLE

HELLO, LALA—HOW'D YOU KNOW I WAS HERE?

I KNEW YOU'D RUN TO THE NEAREST RESTAURANT AS SOON AS YOU HAD MONEY!

OH, BUT VINCENT, WHY DID YOU STEAL IT?

STEAL?—I DIDN'T STEAL ANYTHING—A DAME GAVE ME A DOLLAR 'CAUSE I FOUND HER HANDBAGS AND...

...AND YOU MAKE ME SICK!

ROBE GOLDBERG'S SIDE SHOW

BRAIN DERBY

WHAT'S THE NAME OF THIS ANIMAL?
WHERE DOES IT LIVE?

WILL IT DIE?
CAN IT SING?

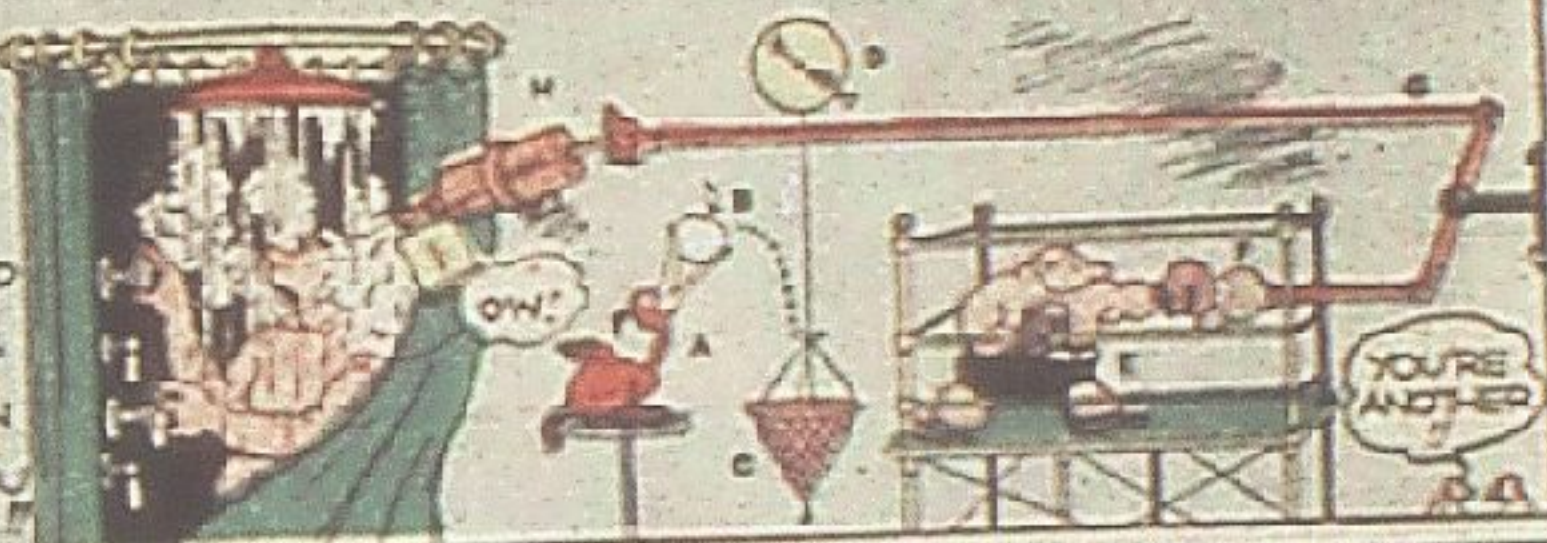
OH--LET'S CALL IT A DAY AND PLAY ANOTHER GAME!



OUR SPECIAL INVENTION

OR AN EASY WAY TO CONTROL A HOT AND COLD SHOWER BATH--

YOUR SHOUTS WHEN WATER SCALDS OR FREEZES YOU SCARES BIRD(A)--AND INSTEAD OF SWALLOWING APPLE(B) IT DROPS INTO NET(C) AND RINGS BONG(D)--THIS STARTS BOKING DWARF(E) HE HITS HEAD(F) ON SERIES OF ROOS(G) CAUSING PAINT SPRAY(H) TO COVER YOU WITH WATER-PROOF ENAMEL(I)



ARE YOU ALONE?

NO--THERE ARE TEN OTHER FELLOWS IN HERE--THEY'RE HIDING IN MY POCKETS!



ALL THE DOCTORS DO IS TALK ABOUT MY CASE--AND I LIE HERE AND PAY THE BILLS!



MISTER!! WHY DON'T YOU GET UP AND GO HOME?



I FEEL OKAY!! JUST WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY?

A GUY WHO GETS AROUND NIBBSX THAT'S ME!!



JUST THINK, GIRLS--I'M ALL OF 28 YEARS OLD TODAY--AND I DON'T FEEL A DAY OVER 12!

LET'S SEE-- SHE WAS BRIDES-MAID AT JENNE'S WEDDING IN 1898--THAT WOULD--

ACCORDING TO HER FIGURES SHE GRADUATED FROM HIGH SCHOOL WHEN SHE WAS FOUR

I HEAR SHE WAS ENGAGED TO A UNION ARMY OFFICER DURING THE CIVIL WAR! HA HA!!



WOW! WHAT SAPEROO PUT GUM ALL OVER THIS SEAT?

BLAME IT ON WILBUR!!



SO I--ME--ME--

PEOPLE ALL LISTENED TO OLIVER BOWERS, AS HE TALKED OF HIS TRAVELS FOR HOURS AND HOURS--



WHILE FAR IN A CORNER SAT PHINEAS GAUL, YOU'D NEVER THINK HE HAD TRAVELED AT ALL--



BUT BOWERS (NOW HEAR WHAT HE HAD TO RELATE) WAS A LIAR WHO NOT BEEN OUT OF THE STATE



MUSH! DOES MUSH!

WHILE GAUL (HERE'S THE TRUTH, AND WE KNOW YOU'LL LOVE IT)--HAD BEEN TO THE POLE AND THOUGHT NOTHING OF IT!

OFF-SIDE *By Jo Metzger*

"AW-BASEBALL AIN'T WHAT IT WAS
IN THE OLD DAYS! ALL YA
GET NOW IS MONEY!"



THIS
Fascinating
FREE BOOK
EXPERIMENTS
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"OH- I'M SUCH AN ARDENT FAN!
WON'T YOU AUTOGRAPH THIS
BASEBALL FOR ME?"



"HEY-THERE MUST BE
SOME OTHER WAY TO
PLUG UP THIS HOLE!"



What gives a bike the most in speed,
and saves your pep for time of need,
with easiest coasting? Yes, indeed—
It's the MORROW!



What spins you on its thirty-one
Ball bearings, adding to your fun,
The joy of thrilling races won?
It's the MORROW!



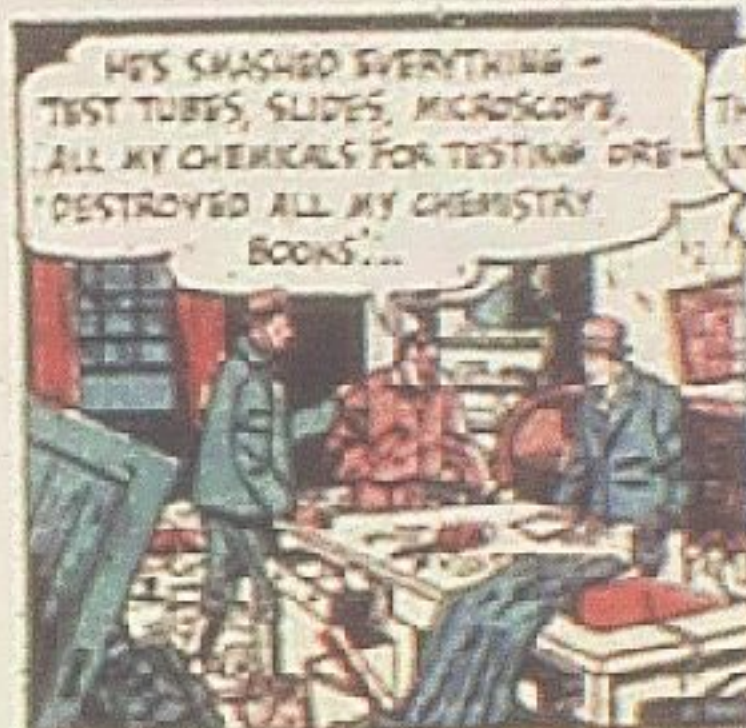
What makes your bike stop on a dime?
What eases every hill you climb,
And has a rep since father's time?
It's the MORROW!

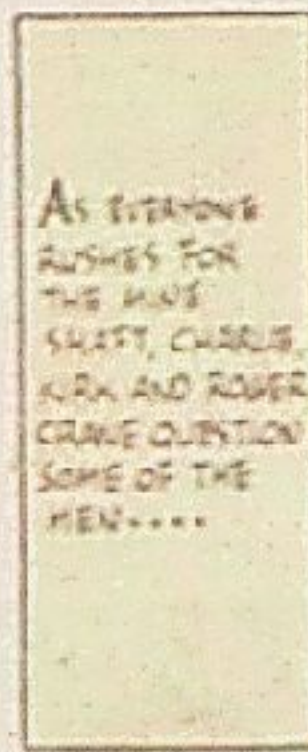
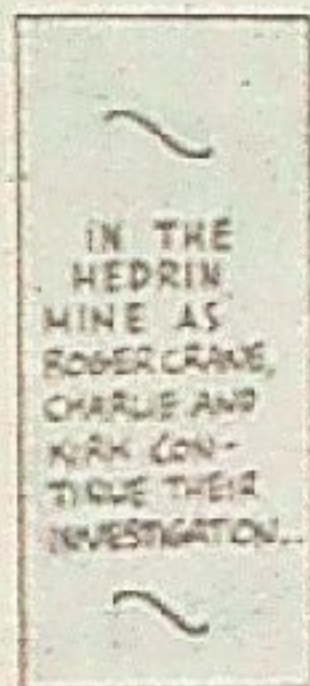
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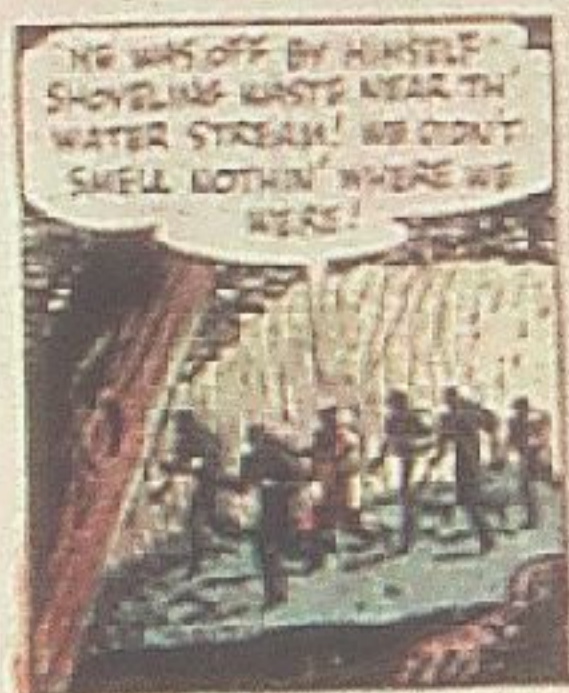
Charlie Chan

BY Alfred ANDRIOLA

AS HE WANDERS FROM THE HEDRIN HOME, CHARLIE CHAN DEEPLY PONDER'S OVER THE MINE DEATHS... HE NOW COMES UPON AN OLD CABIN...









IS IT
SERIOUS,
DOCTOR?

IT'S JUST A
CONTUSION ON THE
HEAD, MR. BARROW!
I'VE GIVEN HIM A
SEDATIVE!



I'M WALKING THE MEN
REMOVE INSPECTOR CHAM
TO THE HOUSE! WILL YOU
SEE THAT HE RESTS?
I'M GOING TO BE BUSY
HERE ALL DAY!



CERTAINLY,
DOCTOR! HOW IS
THE MINER WHO
WAS GASSED?

POPPAS IS IN THE
OXYGEN TENT... I
THINK THERE'S A
CHANCE FOR HIM!



KIRK!
KIRK!
WHAT'S
HAPPENED?

CHARLIE WAS HURT
IN THE MINE, BARBARA,
BUT IT'S NOT SERIOUS!
THE DOCTOR WANTS HIM
TO LIE IN BED TODAY!



LOOK, BARBARA! HE'S
COMING TO! - CHARLIE!
HOW DO YOU FEEL, OLD
BOY?

LATER



KIRK!
WHERE -
WHERE IS -
MY COAT?

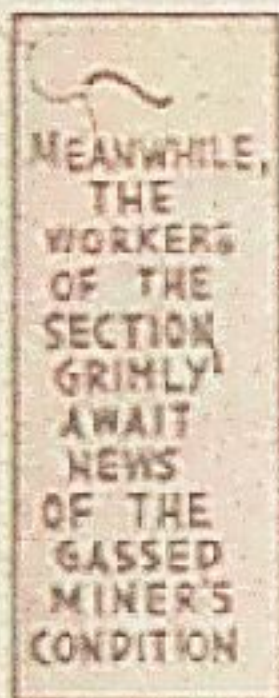
HERE IT IS,
CHARLIE!



AH! IS GOOD!
KEEP - IN SAFE
PLACE - KIRK!
IN - SAFE -
PLACE!



HE'S GONE OFF
TO SLEEP AGAIN!



MEANWHILE,
THE
WORKERS
OF THE
SECTION
GRIMLY
AWAIT
NEWS
OF THE
GASSED
MINER'S
CONDITION



JOHN! YOU BEEN TO
SEE DOCTOR? HOW
POPPAS COMES ALONG?

THE DOCTOR HE
WOULDN'T SAY MUCH -
MAYBE THERE IS A
CHANCE -



IF YIN POPPAS
DIES - YOU KNOW WAT
VE SHOULD DO? VE
SHOULD RUN JIM
HEDRIN OUT OF
TOWN!



HEDRIN AINT
BLAME! HE'S
LOSING MONEY
IN TH' MINE,
AINT HE?

LOSING MONEY, IS HE?
HE'S MIGHTY COMFORTABLE
IN HIS HOUSE! LITTLE
HE'S CARED HOW MANY
OF OUR MEN DIED IN
HIS MINE!



AN' WE
GOT KIVES
AN' KIDS,
TOO!

LUTIN' HAPPENS
IN TH' POWERS' MINE!
TH' MEN WORK ALL TH'
TIME OVER THERE!

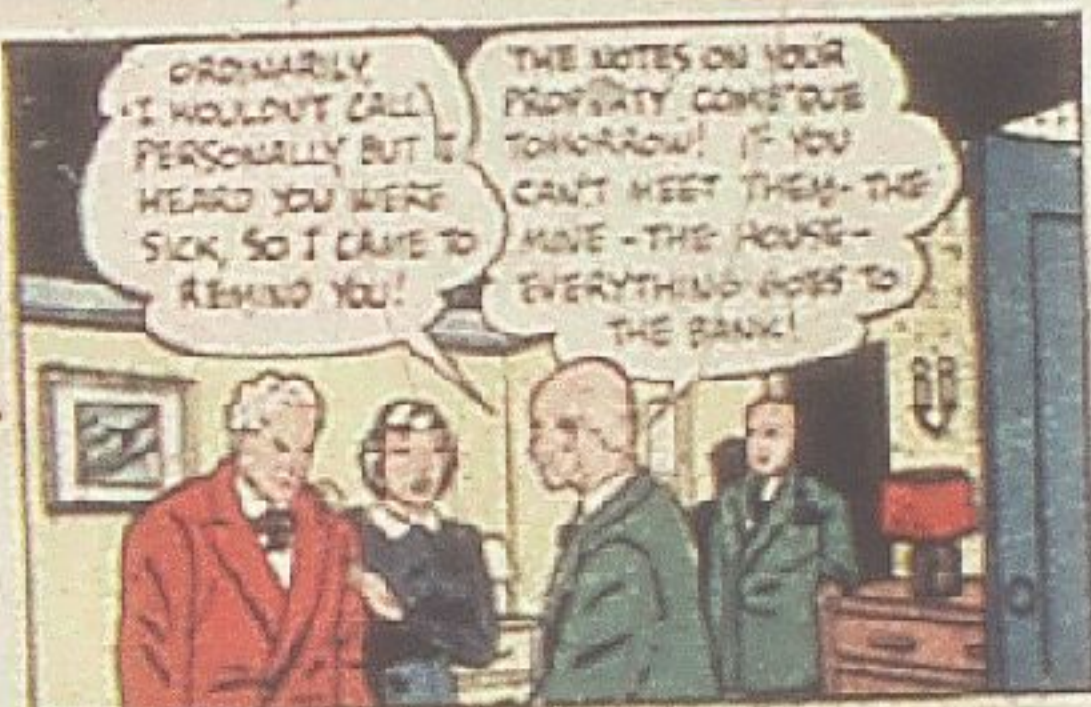


IF THAT YOUNG
POWERS WAS RUNNIN'
TH' AIRSOLE HED
PUT A STOP T' TH'
FUNNY BUSINESS,
SOON ENOUGH!

COME!
VE GO TO SEE
DOCTOR - IF
YIN POPPAS DIES
VE DO PLENTY -
BY GOLLY!



AND AT THE HEDRIN HOME... HOMER SNEED, THE BANKER, CALLS





NO + TOO MANY
PEOPLE HAVE
BEEN HURT ON
MY ACCOUNT
ALREADY!

SOMEONE'S
RIDING UP ON
HORSEBACK!



WHO
IS
IT?

IT'S TONY!
IT'S TONY!

POWERS?
WHAT'S HE
WANT HERE?



HOLD ON,
MEN! WHAT'S
GOING ON?

WE'RE GOIN'
T' RUN JIM
HEDRIN OUT
O' TOWN!

YA! VIN
POPPAS HE
DIES AN' WE
DON' STAND
FOR NO MORE
BY JOLLY!



YE BONNA
SHOW JIM
HEDRIN HOW
WE FEEL!

KNUTE, BE SENSIBLE!
LUKE! HANK! PAUL!
JON! YOU CAN'T DO
THIS!



YOU'RE BLAMING
JIM HEDRIN - AND HE'S
NOT TO BLAME! WHAT
DOES HE HAVE TO
BAIN BY ALL THIS?

YOUR MEN -
THEY DON'
HAF TROUBLE
LIKE WE DO!

YA!
SURE

THEN LISTEN T' ME! PROMISE
ME YOU WON'T DO ANYTHING!
LET ME DO INSIDE AND SPEAK
WITH HEDRIN!



TONY!
COME IN!

HELLO, BARBARA!
GOOD EVENING,
MR. HEDRIN!



WHERE
IS
CHARLIE
CHAN?



EXCUSE ME FOR BREAKING
IN ON YOU, BUT I HEARD
ABOUT THE TROUBLE AND
I THOUGHT IF YOU COULD
FORGIVE A STUPID OLD
GRUDGE -



WITHOUT HEARING, HEDRIN PUTS OUT
HIS HAND, AND HIS EYES FALL WITH TEARS -

INSTEAD OF EVERYTHING ELSE,
I'M HAPPY, TONY! I'M GLAD IT HAV
YOU WHO IS GUILTY -



AK, NO! IT
IS NOT
TONY!

CHARLIE!



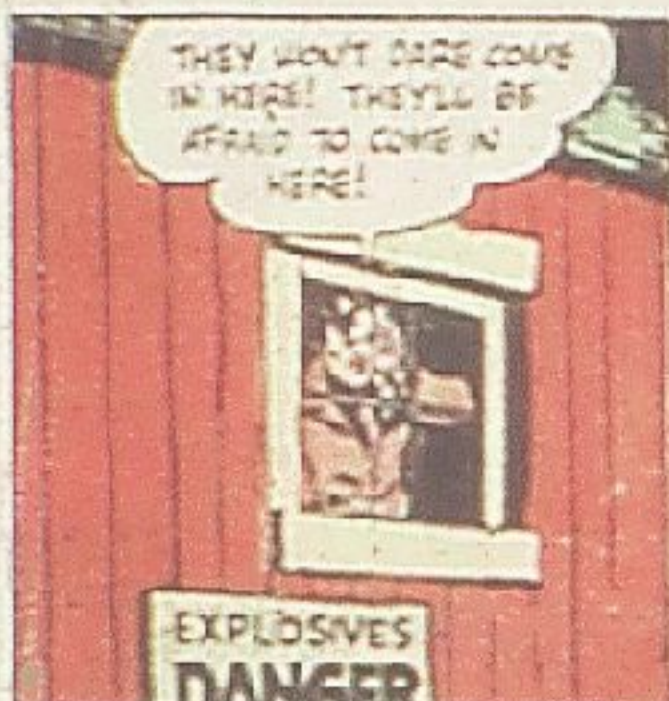
I MAKE HURRIED TRIP FOR
PROOF AND RETURN AS QUICKLY!
I MEET RED JOE, BUT THIS
TIME I AM MASTER OF
SITUATION!



IT CAN'T
BE RED
JOE!

AK, NO! HE IS ONLY MINOR
CULPRIT IN EVIL DOINGS HERE!
BUT COMPLETE CAST OF VILLAINS
IS UNDER SAME ROOF
TODAY!



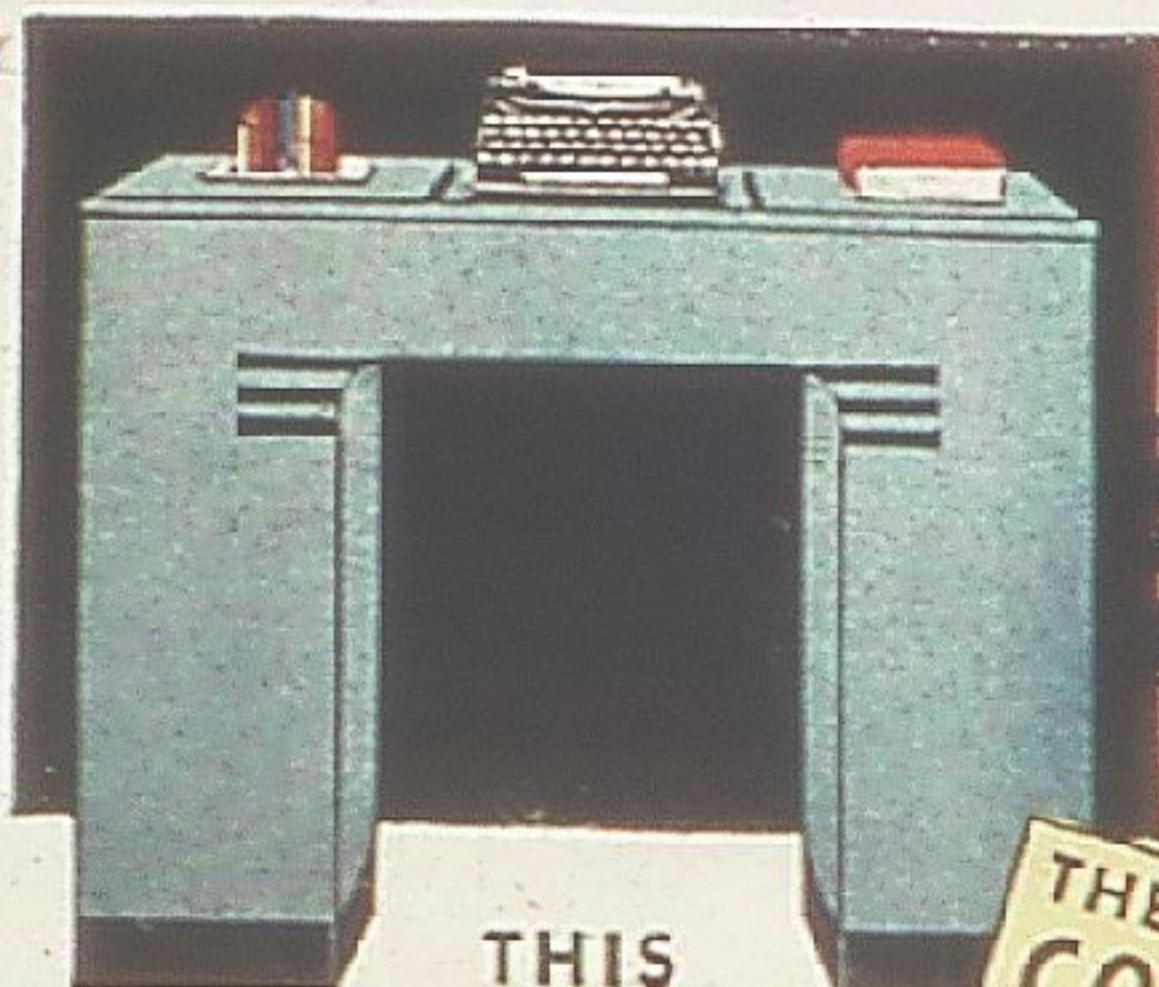




IN A FLASH THERE IS A DEAFENING EXPLOSION... THE EARTH TREMBLES... THE NIGHT SKY IS BRILLIANT... AS THE BUILDING GOES UP IN A MASS OF DEBRIS...



FOLLOW CHARLIE CHAN AS HE SOLVES THE POISON DEATH OF THE MOVIE STAR, CLAIRE LAMONT...
IN THE NEXT ISSUE



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Coaster Brakes

AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS!

Write to New Departure, Dept. F, Bristol, Conn., for Packet, F, containing magic mind reading cards. **FREE!**

FOR FRONT AND REAR WHEEL HUBS 13/16" OR 1 1/8" DRIVE. ALSO — "SPEED CHANGER" FOR OLD HUBS